

PLAYS EXCHANGED.

ER'S EDITION
F PLAYS

E CHAPERON



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BOSTON

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A NEW IRISH DR

SHAMROCK AND

A Romantic Story of Irish Life during
of '98, in four acts.

By JOHN FITZGERALD MURPHY

Seven male and three female characters. Costumes and
cult. Every part a good one. A sure hit. Printed at
the author's personal direction, at the Dudley St.
Boston, St. John's Hall, Boston, and the Newport Opera

SYNOPSIS.

ACT. I. Scene, Squire Fitzgerald's Home, in Wicklow. Rose's story
arrival. Shaun Cary hears a bit of valuable news. Barney O'Brady meets a
visitor and shows him the door. Ileen and Barney. The Fugitive. The
soldiers. Capt. Beck quarrels with the Squire. The defence. The murder. The

ACT. II. *Scene I*: A Landscape. Cary and the Captain plot the abduction
Douglass' dilemma 'twixt love and duty. *Scene II*: The Prison. Barney's cell. H
in a stone jug. A friend in need. The red coat. *Scene III*: Rose receives a false mess.
Scene IV: Desmond's cell. The Death Warrant. Celt and Saxon. Barney a guar
The death knell. THE ESCAPE.

ACT III. *Scene I*: O'Byrnes' Wood. The purty girl milking her cow. Barney pro-
poses to Ileen. Desmond hears bad news. Barney, in the guise of a soldier, gets important
information from Cary. *Scene II*: Exterior of Beck's Castle by moonlight. Rose a Cap-
tive. Barney brings good news. The proposal and refusal. The ass kicks. The false
captive. THE RESCUE.

ACT IV. *Scene*: Corrigmór at Sunrise. Shaun Cary a captive. The arrival of Nano
and Ileen. Tracked by Beck. Nano keeps Beck at Bay. The duel. Cary's shot. Beck's
death. The "SHAMROCK AND ROSE."

Price - - - - - 25 cents.

Incidental to this piece occur the following *new* songs by Messrs. R.
W. LANIGAN and LEO. A. MUNIER, entitled

SHAMROCK AND ROSE.

MY IRISH QUEEN.

MA BOUCHALEEN BAWN.

The three published together at 60 cents; obtainable only of the publishers.

For other novelties see the preceding page.

Walter H. Baker & Co., 23 Winter St., Boston.

THE CHAPERON

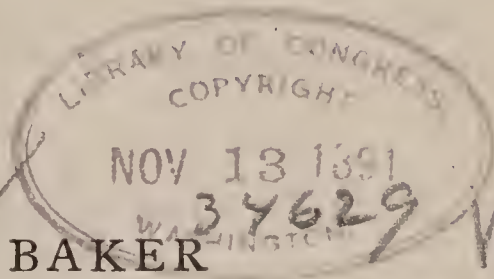
A Comedy in Three Acts

FOR FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY

BY

RACHEL E. BAKER

PART AUTHOR OF "AFTER TAPS"



BOSTON

Walter H. Baker & Co.

1891

PS 1729
G3C5

CHARACTERS.

MISS MORONG, *Principal of Crandon Hall.*

MRS. DYNECOURT, of "*Selbourne.*"

MADemoiselle JEANNE,

JOYCE DYNECOURT,

JUDITH GREY,

PHYLLIS REYNOLDS,

BARBARA CREIGHTON,

SUZANNE HORTON,

LILLIAN GORDON,

MOLLIE HOWARD,

ANNA DAYTON,

DAISY ROGERS,

MIRIAM, *the Gypsy.*

JILL, *the waif.*

NORA, *Mrs. Dynecourt's Maid.*

} *Pupils.*

ACT I.—JACK AND JILL.

ACT II.—THE CHAPERON.

ACT III.—"LIKE OTHER GIRLS."

COSTUMES OF THE PERIOD.



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THE CHAPERON.

ACT I.

JACK AND JILL.

SCENE. — *Tennis-court of Crandon Hall. Drop-scene at back of country road. Fence, with gate, opening C. Tennis-net across stage at back. Trees R. and L. PHYLLIS, LILLIAN, DAISY, and ANNA discovered playing a love game of tennis; DAISY and ANNA serving; JUDITH and BARBARA reading at foot of tree, L. Rustic chair down R, filled with wild flowers. MOLLIE seated on ground by chair, arranging them:—*

ANNA. Play.

PHYLLIS. Love fifteen.

LILLIAN. Love thirty.

JUDITH. Tennyson says (*reads*),

“ I hold it true, whate’er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
’Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.”

(*Speaks.*) But, my dear, are those your sentiments?

BARBARA. I cannot speak from experience, Judy, as that important organ of my being, the heart, has not as yet been called into active service. There has been no occasion to erect fortifications as a protection from the darts of Cupid’s arrow.

MOLLIE. Crandon Hall is fortification enough; no danger of Cupid entering here. One glance at our dignified Miss Mororg, and another at the beautiful French teacher (*sarcastically*) whom we love so dearly, would be sufficient. He would give one deep-drawn sigh, and seek new fields wherein to reap a harvest.

JUDITH. Cannot always tell, girls. Love is persistent; even Mlle. Jeanne dreams of her dear François, and if *she* can find a heart that beats for her alone I am willing to take my chances.

PHYLLIS. Love forty.

BARBARA. Do you hear Phil’s declaration? Love forty. It is very evident that even in tennis, she is a *devotée* at the shrine of your author, and loves “not singly, but in battalions.” Nothing modest about her requests.

JUDITH. No wonder, Bab, she is quite a queen amongst a host of cousins. Some bask under the roseate hue of Harvard’s crimson, while not a few glory in the blue of Yale. She must be true

to both colors ; with the cousins it is love me, love my Phil, and we all know the fellows do not find it a weary task.

MOLLIE. Oh dear ! wish some one would lend me a cousin. Brothers don't count, except with *another* girl. I know : behold in me a martyr to that cause. I should just like to meet some one else's brother. Have it down to a fine point, and when I do assume the *role of another girl*, trust me to make the most of the opportunity. The embellishments will all be there.

JUDITH. Never mind, Mollie, your time will come ; don't sigh for worlds to conquer yet. Keep your heart fresh and sweet as the flowers about you, and let the future take care of itself.

PHYLLIS. Game. (*Locks arm in that of LILLIAN, both run down to MOLLIE, other girls lower net, and let it remain at one side, then join JUDITH and BARBARA.*)

PHYLLIS. A great victory for our side, Mollie. We have won the laurels, and beg the favor of being crowned by your fair hands. (*Girls kneel by MOLLIE, who arranges a simple flower in hair of each.*)

LILLIAN. Thanks. (*Rises and leans against rustic chair ; PHYLLIS remains by MOLLIE.*)

MOLLIE. Phil, we've been talking about you. You wish the whole of this sphere swimming in space, and which tastes of the earth, earthy. This love by the wholesale reads beautifully in novels, but, without the retouching pen of the romancer, falls flat to the *other girls*.

BARBARA. Yes, who by your cruelty become not spinsters of "ye olden times," but demure "ladies in waiting." A sad state of affairs. Phil, do have mercy upon us. Save us a few hearts out of your campaign, just for encouragement, if nothing more.

PHYLLIS. Girls, spare me. I do not deserve this. You shall have them all. Just because I have been kindly surrounded by a small army of cousins, you accuse me of the monopoly of the stock-market of hearts. I don't wonder that you remark upon the number. They are equal to the motley crowd that you read of in the *Pied Piper of Hamelin*.

Great cousins, small cousins,
Lean cousins, brawny cousins,
Brown cousins, black cousins,
Gray cousins, tawny cousins.
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
With eyes for fun, and struggling whiskers.

There, you have them all. Which shall it be ? (*Rises.*) How much am I offered for a cousin ? who wishes to buy a cousin ? Mollie, you seem to be repining, — your first choice.

MOLLIE. Thanks, that is an honor, I am sure. Let me think. I wouldn't make a mistake for all the world. Above all, he must be a good candy-man. I have it — your cousin Tom quite taketh my eye. *He* is devoted to Huyler's. Yes, I could smile upon *him*.

He won't find any sweetness wasted on the desert air. He can trust me to secure, for any candy that comes my way, a haven of rest.

ANNA. No danger of any sweetness getting away from you, Mollie. You are the personification of gravitation. "Sweets to the sweet," you know.

MOLLIE (*rises, sits in rustic chair*). Thanks for the compliment, Nan.

BARBARA (*crosses stage and sits by MOLLIE*). Joyce Dynecourt knows where candy will be appreciated. Fed the younger girls on Maillards until Mlle. Jeanne complained to Miss Morong "zat Mees Joyce fed ze young ladies on ze bonbons, and zay ver so ill."

LILLIAN. That's just like "Johnny." I wish Jack had fed *her*. A week's vacation from her prying eyes would be welcomed by us all.

DAISY. Even confections would lose their sweet identity in her presence.

PHYLLIS. Jack will settle her some day. She hates Johnny's duplicity, and there will be war to the knife yet.

DAISY. I do hope they will let me in at the finish. It would be great sport.

JUDITH (*rising and crossing stage*). Be careful, girls. She may be prying about now, with that sanctimonious, frozen smile of hers.

PHYLLIS. I wish she would. We would paint her portrait in glowing colors, free of charge, with character thrown in.

LILLIAN. Yes, and for a background shadows of her boon companions, evil spirits, hovering about her. (*Girls laugh.*)

JUDITH. Hush, girls, don't strike so hard behind her back.

PHYLLIS. Nonsense, Judy, you don't like her any better than the rest of us.

JUDITH. I know that; but when we speak ill of her, it does us no good, and surely cannot be elevating to our self-respect. (*Girls change positions at different times.*)

LILLIAN. Don't care — she deserves it all. How Miss Morong can endure her is more than my weak intellect can comprehend.

JUDITH. You must admit that she is an excellent French *te cher*.

LILLIAN. I should be ashamed of her if she was not, born and bred in France. That is *all* the good that you can say of her. Do you know, I think that she is afraid of our Jack.

PHYLLIS. I am sure of it. Joyce Dynecourt has wealth, health, and beauty, generous and honest as the day. And in the atmosphere of such rich qualities, no wonder Mlle.'s apology for a soul is bedimmed and lost sight of.

MOLLIE. Yes, Jack is always making her the background of a good joke; it's great sport.

PHYLLIS. That was the jolliest one that Jack played upon her the night of our lunch in her room. You know, Miss Morong al-

lows Mrs. Dynecourt to send Jack a basket of good things whenever she likes. Well, there were only four of us, and we were doing our best to make disappear cold chicken, jelly, etc., which Jack's mother had sent from Selbourne. We were having just the best fun, when we heard a noise at the door. Looking up, if you please, we beheld Johnny peering in over the transom, those eyes of hers glowing like red coals. Before you could say Jack Robinson, Jack greeted her with, "Won't you join us, Mlle.?" and flew to the door. Evidently the chair upon which Johnny was perched depended on that door for support, and fell to the cold, unsympathetic floor bearing our charming French teacher with it. (*Girls laugh.*) Jack said to her, "How sensible of you, Mlle.; you can enjoy chicken so much better sitting down; do have some;" and presented a most tempting chicken-wing (*laughing*); but you should have seen the expression upon Johnny's face. Her uprising was much slower than her downfall; mournfully she declined the tempting dish, and with reproach in her eyes turned away and vanished from our sight. Ha! ha! my gracious! how we roared! Needless to say, she troubled us no more.

JUDITH. Then that accounts for Johnny's face turning crimson whenever we have chicken for dinner.

PHYLLIS. Yes, for Jack in some way or other gently reminds her of that night when she lunched upon chicken in state — (*laughs*) state of chagrin and mortification.

MOLLIE. Did Miss Morong hear of it?

PHYLLIS. Of course she did. Jack was scolded and threatened; but for all that I wouldn't care to be Johnny if she tries that little game again. (*Looking R.*) Here comes Suzanne, as usual reading Shakspeare, that fixed look in her eyes, dreaming of dramatic glory, when she shall astonish the world with her genius.

(*Enter SUZANNE reading; girls rise.*)

PHYLLIS (*dramatically*). Speak and tell us, maiden fair, what new thought doth occupy your brain?

ANNA. Yes, do. I hope it is a new one.

SUZANNE (*stops in centre of stage, raises eyes slowly from book, and looks at PHYLLIS for a moment*). And thinkest thou, this brain of mine can its thoughts unburden to such as thee? Never! — begone, get thee hence, frail creature, and allure me not.

PHYLLIS. And hath an ice-cream soda, then, no charms? for that I offer in exchange.

SUZANNE. What — hold — do my ears deceive me? Soda, did you say? Methinks that magic word doth, like the golden key of Portia's casket, unlock the treasures of my brain.

PHYLLIS. Bravo, Suzanne! True genius burns, and no mistake.

SUZANNE (*seriously*). Girls, I do so long for glory, to be known throughout the world; come, gather about me. (*Girls group about SUZANNE.*) Not a Neilson, with her sweet and winning ways; not a Terry, to move the hearts by her magnetism; but

a great and noble Rachel, so grand and powerful, the magnetic influence of my voice shall move every heart that beats its rhythmic pulses in my presence. Unlike the hackneyed villain in the play, I thirst, not for gore, but fame. I, your friend, Suzanne Horton, queen of dramatic art, the whole world at my feet. (*Holds out arms dramatically.*) Fame, Fame! I long to call thee mine.

MOLLIE. Oh, do descend to earth, Suzanne! Such lofty flights quite take my breath away.

SUZANNE (*condescendingly*). I won't forget you, girls, — shall love you just the same.

ANNA. Thanks, awfully; don't mention it; the pleasure will be ours.

SUZANNE. But, Phil, while I am waiting for glory, I will join you in that soda you so kindly mentioned.

PHYLLIS. All right, come on. If ice-cream soda will help you to mount the pinnacle of fame, you shall have your share. (*PHYLLIS and SUZANNE go up stage.*)

SUZANNE (*standing at gate, looks down L*). Do my eyes deceive me? Who comes this way?

PHYLLIS (*makes to gate*). Jack, to be sure, and running for all she is worth.

MOLLIE. Jack coming? (*Girls rush to back of stage.*)

PHYLLIS (*mounts stone at gate*). It's a race. She is running with Cousin Tom. Oh dear! I do hope she will win.

MOLLIE. Your cousin Tom has the lead.

PHYLLIS. Yes; but wait a moment, she is gaining. (*Excited, waves cap.*) Now they are even.

LILLIAN. Yes, they are running together.

PHYLLIS. Now — now — oh, hurry Jack — she is a little ahead (*calls*), run, run, Jack, she leads him, and now — hurrah! she wins.

GIRLS (*waving caps*). Hurrah for Jack!

PHYLLIS. And now Cousin Tom is giving her something, — a box of candy, I know. That was the wager, and Jack is victor. Here she comes; let us give her three cheers. (*Girls give three cheers.*)

(*JOYCE enters, running, cap in one hand, box in the other; she runs down front, and falls upon rustic bench.*)

JOYCE. Oh! I am so tired, girls; but it was a jolly race, I can tell you; thought for a moment that I had lost it, but visions of Huyler's best rose before me, and renewed energy was the result. (*Opens box.*)

GIRLS. Oh, my!

JACK (*holding out box; girls help themselves*). Help yourselves, girls: what's mine is yours. (*Arranging hair.*) My hair has slipped its moorings, and if you don't find me some hairpins, this craft of mine will be a total wreck.

SUZANNE (*dramatically*). A hairpin! my kingdom for a hair-

pin! (*Girls each take hairpin from hair, and give it to JOYCE.*)

JUDITH. We are your slaves, as usual, Jack.

JACK. Slaves or no slaves, you are awfully good to me, girls; and when we part company from English, Latin, and French I shall hold a jubilee, and you shall help me celebrate.

MOLLIE (*eating candy*). If Johnny could see me now, what a time there would be. The younger girls are just recovering from that feast of candy that you spread for them, Jack. It was a regular confectionery blizzard, and just about as disastrous as those ferocious conjunctions of the elements usually are.

JACK. No great harm; and gave an occupation to Johnny, — something to talk about.

SUZANNE. Should you leave us, Jack, Johnny would be like Othello, — her occupation gone. Your many jokes and pranks keep her actively engaged.

JACK (*laughing and rising*). Ha, ha, girls! that reminds me. (*Takes paper from pocket.*) Here is a new conundrum about Johnny.

PHYLLIS. Another? What an inspiration she is: this must surely be the tenth.

(MLLE. JEANNE *appears at back of stage, listening.*)

LILLIAN. Oh, give it to us, Jack!

ANNA. Is it original?

JOYCE (*taking centre of stage*). Yes, the production of my massive intellect.

PHYLLIS. You have a brain, Jack, and no mistake. (*Places head against JOYCE'S.*) I can hear it seethe now.

JOYCE. Never mind; let it seethe. Now for the conundrum. Why are Johnny's eyes like gimlets?

MOLLIE. That's easy enough: because they are as bright as steel.

JOYCE. Good, Mollie, but not the answer.

ANNA. Because they are sharp.

JOYCE. Bright as usual, Nan, but this time way off.

LILLIAN. Then tell us, do.

JOYCE. Do you give it up?

GIRLS. Yes.

JOYCE. There is a complication about this answer: it is duplex. although there is no necessity for a duplex attachment for Johnny's eyes. Her sight is strong enough as it is. First, Johnny's eyes are like gimlets, because they pry into everything, and secondly, because they can *bore*. (*Girls laugh.*)

PHYLLIS. Ha, ha! That's one on Johnny, and no mistake.

MOLLIE. I should say that that conundrum fired two shots at once. (MLLE. *disappears.*) The best yet, Jack.

JOYCE (*sits*). Thanks, Mollie, that delights me. I hope I shall steadily improve in so elevating a style of literature. But, dear me, I almost forgot, it is the day for the tennis-drill; have you everything ready?

PHYLLIS. Yes, and to make the day a famous one, Lillian and I have just won a love game.

JACK (*laughs*). Surely a love game, Phil, if you were in it. (*Music; MIRIAM and JILL appear at back; MIRIAM wears an old Gypsy costume, subdued in color; JILL wears red skirt, dark waist, hair down, and red cap; MIRIAM staggers and is about to fall, JILL catches her.*)

PHYLLIS (*turning*). Why, who is this?

JOYCE (*drops paper on ground; runs up stage*). Are you hurt? let us help you. (*Slowly JOYCE and JILL lead MIRIAM down to tree, L., seat her on ground against tree. MIRIAM'S head falls back.*)

JILL (*kneeling beside MIRIAM*). My poor Miriam has fainted; she has had no food to-day.

JOYCE. No food, did you say, child? Judy, she has fainted—bring some water—fly,—don't lose a moment. (*Exit JUDITH, R.*) Poor little thing, I fear your fate has been the same.

JILL. Oh, no! Miriam made me eat the last of the bread. She said that I must eat; it would make me strong, and then I could help her. But we have travelled so far, she could not take another step. I thank you for your kindness.

JOYCE. Why are you wandering about?

JILL. We are on our way to the city. I am to be a model for an artist; and Miriam would not let me go alone. (*Enter JUDITH with glass of water; JILL takes it and gives it to MIRIAM, who slowly revives; music.*)

MIRIAM (*faintly*). Jill, where are you?

JILL (*taking her hand and kissing it*). I am here beside you, Miriam; you have fainted.

MIRIAM (*starts up—looks wildly about*). Where are we? (*Tries to rise.*) Come, Jill, we must be on our way. You must keep your word, and it will bring us bread.

JOYCE. Indeed, my dear woman, you need not wait for that. Within the four walls of my sanctum are hidden treasures, and you shall have a generous share.

MIRIAM (*looks at JOYCE*). Where am I? Who are you? Why have you been so kind?

JOYCE. You are at Crandon Hall, the seminary of Selbourne. I am Joyce Dynecourt, at your service.

MIRIAM (*starts to her feet at the name of DYNECOURT. Appears bewildered*). What name did you say?

JOYCE. Dynecourt—Joyce Dynecourt.

MIRIAM. Dynecourt! (*aside*) at last! (*To JOYCE*.) I heard the name many years ago. It brings back memories. You have a generous heart, my child. No evil can come to those who are kind to the poor and hungry. (*Places hands on JOYCE'S head.*) Do not scorn a Gypsy's blessing. May the sorrows of your life be as light and floating as the tiny clouds that fleck the sky at noonday! May the warmth of happiness, like the sun's rays, paint the clouds

a roseate hue at eventide! It is only Miriam, the Gypsy, who speaks to you, poor and old, but with a heart rich in gratitude.

MOLLIE. A Gypsy! Oh! tell us our fortunes!

GIRLS. Oh, yes!

DAISY. We are just dying to hear them.

JOYCE. Not now, girls. Let Miriam rest, for remember, she is faint from want of food; then, if she is willing, we will have the fortunes. Come, Judy, help me to take her to my room. I can find something for them both, never fear.

(JOYCE and JUDITH lead MIRIAM off, R.)

JILL. Miriam never forgets a kindness, and we need it now so much.

PHYLLIS. Who is she? You call her Miriam. She cannot be your mother.

JILL. No: I have no mother. Miriam is father, mother, friend and all. We found each other long ago, and have not parted since. (*Looking R.*) May I follow them?

PHYLLIS. Why, yes, of course: how stupid of me! Come, girls. (*Exeunt R. girls with JILL.*)

(*Enter NORA through gate, C.*)

NORA. Shure, it's a letther I have for Miss Joyce. The Missus sent me wid it. Sez she to me, sez she, "There is no hurry about it, Nora." "Faith, mum," sez I, "there's no toime like the prisent." Not a moment did I lose; for Billy, the perlaceman, was on the street a waiting for a good look at me. "Good-morning, Nora," sez he. "Good-morning, Mr. Mahanan," sez I. "It's moighty foine yees are," sez he. "Faith, it's news I'd like to be afther having yees tell me," sez I. What wid me new hat, and me new parasol the missus gave me, shure and I knew it well. "It's becomin' the hat is, as will as the parasol," sez he. "Oh, Mr. Mahanan, it's the foine feathers what makes the foine birds." (*Walks about stage with dignity.*) "Nora, where are yees going?" sez he. "To Crandon Hall with a note for Miss Joyce. Won't yees come with me?" sez I. "Sorry I am," sez he, "but it's off my bate." "Bate! Bate what?" sez I. "Shure, it's a gentle creature I thought yees was, anyway. If that's the loikes of yees, your room is betther than your company." Thin he laughed the hearty loike, and said it wasn't cruel he was, but only doing his duty. "Faith, it's a quare duty," sez I; "but every man to his taste," and wid my eyes flaming wid indignation I left him, and here I am. Shure, he can find another girl since it's fond of the bating he is. It's busy I can kape myself, looking afther my shtyle. Shure, it's not weeping my heart out I'd be for the loikes of him. I can find betther company. Now to see Miss Joyce. (*Exit, R.*)

(*Enter MADEMOISELLE JEANNE, L.*)

MLLE. I must find Mees Morong. I haf so mooch to tell he..

Mees Joyce with ze beggars in her room, and giving to them ze bread and ze cold chicken. She is what ze English call ze *petit* witch — ah — I heard ze joke, ze laugh — zey think zey can call to me ze names. (*Sees paper on ground — looks about cautiously, then picks it up — reads.*) “Why are Johnny’s eyes like gimlets.” (*Excited.*) Zey call me ze name of ze man, Johnny, but I no care for zat, but it is zat zey make ze fun of ze eyes — ah! ze eyes zat mon François call ze *bleu de ciel*, what ze English call ze blue of heaven: ze answer is this (*reads*). “Because zey can bore.” Bore? What zey mean by ze word bore? I wish to know. (*Sits on rustic bench.*) Ah! I vill go to find zat out. I vill ask of Mees Morong. I vill not forget ze joke. Sometime Mees Joyce will be sorry zat she called to me ze names, zat she make of me ze conundrum. I vill have for her ze revenge. (*Enter NORA.*)

(*NORA comes down.*)

NORA. If yees plaze, will yees tell me where I can foind Miss Joyce. I have a letther for her.

MLLE. I vill give it to her. It is ze *billet-doux*.

NORA. Billy who? Faith, if yees think it’s a letther from my perlaceman Billy, it’s mistaken yees are. He’s not Billy Doux at all, at all. Billy Mahanan is his name.

MLLE. (*aside*). Ah, she has ze temper. (*Aloud.*) *Pardonnez moi, Mademoiselle, vous ne me comprenez pas.*

NORA. By the holy powers! Look at the size of her, and she that can’t talk plain. It’s young she must be wid old eyes, for shure it’s glasses as old as daddy’s spectacles she’s afther wearing.

MLLE. I vill give ze letter to Mees Joyce. I vill find her *tout de suite*.

NORA. Yes, it’s swate that she is, the darlint, and don’t yees forget it. Her heart is that soft loike she couldn’t harrum a fly; and when I was sick, I niver shall forget the broth she made me and gave it to me with her own swate hands.

MLLE. But she is not what you call kind to me. She has not ze affection *pour moi*.

NORA. Poor ma? shure, nobody’s axin of her to be koind to your mither. Faith, if your ma kapes watch over yees, it’s no toime she’d be having to be wanting Miss Joyce to love her. If Miss Joyce has any love to throw away, shure I’ve a market for it.

MLLE. She plays what you call ze jokes before ze other young ladies. She makes ze fun of me.

NORA (*aside*). Faith and I don’t wonder.

MLLE. She makes ze young ladies ill vith ze bonbons. She eats ze cold chicken in ze dark.

NORA. Shure, it’s not complaining you would be I know, if she invited you to join the party.

MLLE. Even now she has ze beggars in her room, and I must tell Mees Morong at once.

NORA. You are a foine one, you are, prying round wid your four

eyes. Why don't yeess engage all the mice in the walls to listen for fear something would get away from yeess? Shure, yeess would scare even the mice wid yer sly eyes. You make trouble for Miss Joyce, and by the blissed' saints you'll wish yeess hadn't made the acquaintance of stylish Miss Nora McCarthy.

(*Enter JOYCE, R.*)

JOYCE. Why Nora, what are you doing here?

MLLE. She has brought for you the billet-doux. (*Gives note to JOYCE.*)

NORA. Shure, it's a blockhead she is. Haven't I towld and towld her that it's not from Billy at all, at all?

JOYCE (*laughing*). Ha, ha, Nora! I am afraid you do not understand the French language. That is what the French people call a note, a letter.

NORA. Faith, it's contint I am wid my own Irish tongue. To think of the loikes of them calling a perlaceman and a bit of writing on paper by the same name.

JOYCE. I rather suspect that the name Billy is a favorite one of yours; and if I am not mistaken, some one wearing a blue coat and brass buttons has a warm corner of your heart.

NORA. Shure, it's a cold one he'll foind if he takes to bating any more. When I axed him would he walk wid me this morning, shure, he said it was off his bate. Oh, Miss Joyce, it's a cruel man he is.

JOYCE (*laughing*). Oh, Nora! you make sad mistakes. He means by that, that he is not allowed to go beyond a certain distance. That part of the city which he watches over is called his beat.

NORA (*delighted*). Thin it's not cruel at all he is? Faith, Miss, it's a warm corner he will foind, for he's a broth of a boy.

JOYCE. That's right, Nora; treat him kindly and you won't regret it; and now mother will be waiting for you. Tell her that I received the note, and make haste, Nora (*laughing*), or you won't find Billy and his "bate." (*Exit NORA through gate. JOYCE opens letter — reads it — looks up and discovers MLLE. watching her. MLLE. starts and turns away — goes up stage — looks at JOYCE, who is watching her, and exit, L.*)

JOYCE. I wouldn't trust her out of my sight. (*Goes up stage, looks off, L. Comes down.*) She has really gone, but there is no telling how soon she will return. I rather think she pines for our society. (*Sits on bench.*) Now to read my note in peace. (*Opens letter.*) It is from Cousin Geoffrey. (*Reads.*)

MY DEAR JOYCE: —

Your mother's portrait is at last finished, and I am anxious for your honest criticism. I shall be away from the studio on Wednesday next. It will be at your disposal. Bring any of

your friends, make yourselves perfectly at home, and above all let "Rome howl."

Affectionately yours,

GEOFFREY.

JOYCE. Here's a lark and no mistake. Such fun as this in prospect needs no second invitation. We will embrace it with open arms. Fortunate for Cousin Geof that he will not be there, or he might be included in the practical demonstration. I must tell the girls; they will be just wild. (*Goes up stage — calls L., and waves note.*) Girls! Girls! (*Comes down.*) I do hope the portrait will be a success, dear mamma is so anxious.

(*Enter GIRLS, running.*)

PHYLLIS. What is it, Jack?

JOYCE. Here is an invitation from Cousin Geoffrey to visit his studio and bring all my friends. He won't be there, and we have perfect liberty to paint his den in glowing colors if we like. Girls, are we "in it"?

GIRLS. Indeed we are.

PHYLLIS. It will be too jolly for anything.

SUZANNE. A studio is such a fascinating place, full of treasures and such lovely old-fashioned gowns. Stay — hold — perhaps a Portia's costume I may find, and then, with befitting dignity, I can pour into your ears — "The quality of mercy is not strained."

PHYLLIS. Tired ears they will be, Suzanne; but for the future queen of drama, we will lend them in sacrifice.

ANNA. Never was in a studio in my life. I am burning with curiosity.

LILLIAN. Quench the fire, Nan: we do not wish practical demonstrations in cremation yet — not until after Wednesday, it would spoil all the fun.

JUDITH. It would be lovely; but, my dear Jack, we cannot go alone.

JACK (*dubiously*). Never thought of that.

PHYLLIS. Oh, dear! I suppose "Johnny" must become our dude escort.

JACK. I object. Her eyes would be on double duty, and spoil all the fun. (*Thinks a moment.*) Girls, I have an idea.

SUZANNE. Is it an idea which I see before me? "Come, let me clutch thee."

JACK. Yes, and before it loses its way in the empty corridors of my brain, let me unfold the scheme. (*GIRLS group around JACK.*) Hark! any one listening? (*GIRLS rush and look R. and L.*)

PHYLLIS (*coming down*). Not even a scholar, Jack; go on, I am dying to hear.

JACK. Now be prepared for the shock — don't howl. I will be your chaperon.

GIRLS. You?

JOYCE. Yes : why not ? I will disguise myself.

MOLLIE. For mercy sakes how ?

JOYCE. With one of mamma's gowns and some of her dignity, which she can very well spare. You shall behold in me your future chaperon.

PHYLLIS. Girls, pay your respects to our future queen. (*Girls bow with mock gravity.*)

LILLIAN. We are with you, heart and soul, Jack. (*Gives her hand.*)

(*Enter MIRIAM and JILL.*)

ANNA. Here is the gypsy, Jack.

JOYCE (*goes to MIRIAM*). Are you refreshed ?

MIRIAM. Yes, you have made me feel quite like my old self again. (*Takes JOYCE'S hand and kisses it — looks at it.*) A good hand — a warm heart, strong enough to battle with the world. Few sorrows will come to you, and yours will be a happy life.

MOLLIE. Oh, Jack ! you promised us our fortunes.

JACK. Let us have the tennis-drill first, and that will give Miriam time to draw around her the good spirits who will bring her wise counsel. (*To MIRIAM.*) Rest awhile, and after you feast at food we will try to give you a feast of pleasure.

(*MIRIAM sits upon ground against tree, R. JILL beside her. Exeunt girls, R., after arranging net at back of stage.*)

JILL. What a perfect angel the young lady is ! Oh, Miriam, I wish I could be like her, to go to school and wear nice clothes. Sometimes I dream that I have a lovely home. You are there too, Miriam — no home could be perfect without you — but there is a real mother in my dreams, and oh, she loves me so much. How I wish it would come true. Do you think it ever will ?

MIRIAM. Who knows, Jill ; *perhaps* the day will come ; now my little one must trust her young life to Miriam, do the work which lies nearest with willing heart and hands, and perhaps in the future it may lead to a higher and brighter life.

JILL. Miriam, forgive me for complaining. You are so good to me. (*Leans head against MIRIAM and weeps.*)

MIRIAM. Come, come, my sweet lamb, you make old Miriam's heart sore when you cry like that.

JILL (*wiping eyes*). Then I won't any more. I will be patient (*looking R.*). Here come the young ladies. Oh, what a lovely sight !

(*TENNIS march and drill. At end of drill, girls exeunt marching, then rush on.*)

MOLLIE. Now for the fortunes.

JOYCE (*to JILL*). Well, little one, what did you think of that ?

JILL. It was beautiful. A lovely picture all the time, and you the fairest in it.

JOYCE. Why, be careful, you will spoil me with this flattery.

PHYLLIS (*arm about JOYCE*). No fear of that, Jack ; your heart is large enough to absorb it all.

JACK. Thanks, Phil. I can return the compliment ; but now for the fortunes. Are you ready, Miriam?

MIRIAM. You shall have the very best I can find. (*Girls group about her near tree, R.*)

(*Enter MRS. DYNECOURT and MISS MORONG.*)

MRS. DYNECOURT. You have sent for me, Miss Morong. What new mischief has Joyce been doing?

MISS MORONG. She is incorrigible, Mrs. Dynecourt. I can do nothing with her. She does not wilfully disobey me, but her warm heart prompts her to spontaneity of action, and the rules are broken.

MRS. D. What is the latest offence?

MISS M. My French teacher has just informed me that Joyce has been entertaining beggars in her room, and has even given them bread and meat.

MRS. D. Beggars in her room. That must not be allowed for a moment. How did it happen?

MISS M. She found the old woman on the ground, faint from the want of food.

MRS. D. She should have notified you. Joyce knows nothing of them, they may be impostors. Send her to me at once.

MISS M. (*discovering group of girls*). Here are the young ladies now, and Miss Joyce in their midst.

MRS. D. (*raising lorgnette*). What are they doing?

MISS M. It is the beggar and child. (*Calls.*) Miss Joyce!

(*JOYCE comes forward, sees MRS. D., rushes to her and embraces her.*)

JOYCE. You dear mamma, when did you arrive? We are having no end of fun. The Gypsy is telling our fortunes.

MRS. D. Telling fortunes? Joyce, I cannot allow that.

JOYCE. Why not? She has told me a beautiful one, — and so strange. Mother dear, she asked about you, and wished to see your hand.

MRS. D. To see my hand? What nonsense.

JOYCE. Do let her look at it.

MRS. D. No, Joyce, I would not be so foolish.

JOYCE (*arm about her coaxingly*). Just to please me! won't you?

MISS M. Miss Joyce, I hear that you have had the woman and girl in your room. Such a proceeding is decidedly against my rules. I would not have allowed it.

JOYCE. Why not? I never thought that it would displease you. They were tired and hungry, and I wanted to help them so much.

MISS M. But why not have notified me? I would not have turned them from my doors.

JOYCE (*goes to* MISS M.). Indeed, we all know that your heart is too kind for that. It was so lovely to give them from my own. I did not think that you would be displeased. Forgive me, I won't do it again (*laughing*), until next time.

MISS M. Miss Joyce, I cannot scold you.

JOYCE. That's lovely of you, and now come and hear Mamma's fortune. Miriam, here is my mother. (*MIRIAM rises and comes quickly forward.*)

MIRIAM. Mrs. Dynecourt. (*Music.*)

MRS. D. Yes, my daughter tells me that you wish to tell my fortune. I cannot understand why it should be of interest to you.

MIRIAM. Ten years ago I heard of you: it was in the West.

MRS. D. (*agitated*). Ten years ago! in the West! Woman, why do you recall that sorrow to me? Surely *you* can know nothing of my past.

MIRIAM. Let me take your hand. (*MRS. D. gives hand to MIRIAM.*) Yes, there the fate-line has been crossed, — so deep a seam, all others are but faint reflections.

MRS. D. Yes, the one shadow of my life.

JOYCE (*arms about* MRS. D.). Miriam, never mind that; tell to her the brightness of the future.

MIRIAM. Yes, it *will* be a bright one. Time will, perhaps, bring the gladness back again.

MRS. D. That is impossible.

MIRIAM. Something tells me that it will come, and grateful for your daughter's kindness, I will do my best to help you.

MRS. D. Help me! what could *you* do?

MIRIAM. A Gypsy's wandering life helps her to see and know the world.

MRS. D. Woman, you speak in riddles. I do not understand you.

MIRIAM. Better so; let the future bring what in may. (*MIRIAM turns away toward group of girls.*)

MRS. D. (*sinks upon rustic chair, R.*). Why did I let her speak to me? She has awakened bitter memories. (*Covers face with hand.*)

JOYCE (*arm about* MRS. D.). Don't cry, mother dear: it is all my fault. Never mind; think of how much we have to make us happy. (*Kissing her.*) We have each other.

MRS. D. (*looking up at* JOYCE). Indeed we have: you are the sunshine of my life, and I will be grateful that I may keep you with me.

(*MLLE. enters, very much excited.*)

MLLE. Mees Morong, ze beggars, zey have stolen ze money. I cannot find it.

MISS M. Stolen your money. Nonsense, you have mislaid it.

MLLE. Never: it was on ze dressing-case in my room, and ze door was open.

MISS M. A very careless thing to do. Woman, do you hear the charge made against you?

MIRIAM. No : my thoughts were in the past.

MISS M. My French teacher has lost some money, and you have taken it.

JOYCE. Oh, Miss Morong !

MRS. D. Be quiet, Joyce. (*Rises.*) Miss Morong, be careful how you accuse. There may be some mistake.

MLLE. *Non*, zat would be impossible.

MIRIAM (*arm about JILL*). Have a care how you accuse ; this child has a soul as pure as that of any angel. She has never known dishonor. As for me (*draws herself up proudly*), you do not know Miriam, the Gypsy.

JOYCE (*goes to her and takes her hand*). But I do.

MRS. D. Joyce, let them alone — it is none of your affairs.

JOYCE. Mother, you have always taught me to befriend the poor. Miriam is in trouble. She is innocent, I know : there must be some mistake !

MISS M. This is no place for a scene like this ; come to my private room, it shall be settled there.

(*Exeunt MISS MORONG and MADEMOISELLE.*)

JILL. Oh, Miss Joyce, you believe that we are honest? We are poor, but we do not want her money.

JOYCE. You are honest as the day, Jill, that I know. Miriam, you are well able to vindicate yourself. Let Jill stay with me. Mother, go with Miriam and do your best to help them both.

MRS. D. (*goes to MIRIAM*). I cannot look into your eyes, and believe you guilty : come with me.

MIRIAM. Thank you for that, madam. I shall not forget your kindness. (*Exeunt MRS. D. and MIRIAM.*)

JUDITH. How mean of Johnny !

JOYCE. I can read her like a book : it is some mischief that she is brewing. She will get herself woefully disliked.

PHYLLIS. You have a royal champion, Jill.

JILL. Indeed, I have. (*To JOYCE.*) Why are you so good to me?

JOYCE. Because those clear, sweet eyes of yours speak from your very soul, and make me wish I had a sister just like you. But, come, tell me of yourself. (*JOYCE sits upon rustic chair, L. JILL kneels beside her ; girls group about them ; music.*)

JILL. Miriam tells me that she found me long ago. She has taken care of me ever since ; and although sometimes at night the sky is the only roof above us, and the earth the only floor beneath us, her protecting arms have always been about me, and no one could have a more devoted friend. Miriam has always been so good to me ; and although I do not love this wandering life, and should so love to live like other girls, I try not to complain, for that brings unhappiness to us both.

JOYCE. Jill, you were born for a better life.

JILL. Yes, it is so hard to be poor and sometimes hungry, but (*rising*) we never beg.

JOYCE (*rising*). I can well believe that, Jill. Will you let me be your friend? (*Holds out hand to JILL.*)

JILL (*taking it*). My friend? you need not ask that. Already our lives have been made brighter by your kindness, and we shall do our work with braver hearts.

JOYCE. Girls, will you be witnesses to the compact?

JUDITH. I can speak for them all — indeed we will.

JOYCE. Well said, Judy; Phil, put on your thinking-cap and seal the compact with an ode. (*JOYCE and JILL stand with hands clasped; PHIL behind them with hand on theirs.*)

PHYLLIS. Do give me time to collect my scattered senses; here goes!

Brevity, they say, is the soul of wit.

Let this effusion, then, be full of it.

Warm is our love, and rich with good-will.

A life-long friendship to "Jack and Jill."

(*Girls separate.*)

JOYCE. Good enough, Phil: we shall be proud of our future class-poet.

(*Enter MISS MORONG and MIRIAM.*)

MISS M. So, woman, not content with accepting the hospitality of one of my pupils, you stoop to steal.

JOYCE. Oh, Miss Morong! you surely do not think them guilty?

MISS M. The money cannot be found, and the woman is too proud to be searched. That she is guilty is the only inference to be drawn.

(*Enter MRS. D. and MADEMOISELLE.*)

MILLE. I go at once to notify ze police.

MRS. D. You will do nothing of the kind. Miss Morong, I am sure that there is some mistake. Allow me to make good the lost amount; and when Mademoiselle finds the money, as I am sure she will, this can be returned to me. (*Takes money from purse and gives it to MADEMOISELLE.*)

MISS M. As you please, Mrs. Dynecourt. I do not wish to make a sensation. I hope this will teach Miss Joyce a lesson, that it is wiser to let strangers alone.

JOYCE. It will teach me that the worthy poor are sorely in need of friends.

MISS M. No more of this. Woman, take yourself and the girl away. Do not enter these doors again until you have proved yourselves innocent. (*Points to gate.*) Go!

MIRIAM. Come, Jill. Go? Yes, we will. I cannot now clear myself of your base accusations, but the time will come when bitter will be the regrets that you ever doubted us.

JOYCE (*goes to her, holds out hand*). Remember, you will always find in me your friend.

MIRIAM (*music*). I shall never forget your kindness: and if

prayers are of any avail, your life will be a joyous one. (*To MRS. D.*) Mrs. Dynecourt, remember my prophecy. For you the clouds of former years *will* pass away, and the love and devotion of young hearts shall surround you, bringing peace and happiness to your declining years. Miriam the Gypsy has spoken, and she never breaks her word.

(*Tableau. MIRIAM and JILL slowly exeunt through gate, C. MRS. D. on rustic chair, R. JOYCE at gate. MLLE., with triumphant look upon her face, watching JOYCE. Others grouped about stage watching MIRIAM and JILL.*)

CURTAIN.

NOTE.—The tennis-drill is optional. To make the number complete, introduce several young ladies for the drill. "The Tennis-Drill" can be found at the publishers. If too long, one or more figures can be omitted.

ACT II.

THE CHAPERON.

SCENE. R. *Corner of stage, platform with draped chair for model. Entrance L., C., and R., flat, window L. flat, R. C. closet with open transom. Figure in armor on stand, L. Sketches on walls. Unfinished canvas on easel. Stage C. at back, between entrance and closet, draped easel with portrait which is covered.*

(*Enter NORA, C.*)

NORA (*out of breath*). It's gone is my breath entirely, and it's spacheless I am. Shure; the missus was right. She towld me that whin I had climbed all the sthairs it's *stewed* I would foind myself, with an *oh!* on to the end of it. Faith, it's the blissed truth she be afther shpakin', and shure I've struck the combination (*sinks into chair*) Niver a word shall I be able to shpake whin Billy comes for his answer to-night. It's a *silent partner* he'll think he's afther getting, and I can see the plazed smile on him now; but it's not behind I'll be afther being: I can make it up with interest. (*Rises and looks about*) Where am I, anyway? Shure, it's a quare place for the missus to lave her shawl, and it's me she has sint for it. I wonder if I can foind it (*walks about—takes up unfinished sketch on easel*). Look at the darlint: the foine eyes she has. (*Looks at wall*.) Shure, it's a painter what lives here. I wonder if it's the stylish Miss McCarthy he'd loike to paint. It's plazed my Billy would be. I wonder if he's in (*sees figure in armor*). Indade, and he is. There he shtands; but it's a moighty quare suit of clothes he's afther wearing. I'll shpake to him. (*Bows to figure*.) If yees plaze, sir, will yees be afther giving me Mrs. Dyne-

court's shawl? she lift it here. (*As there is no answer, NORA makes deep courtesy and speaks louder.*) If yees plaze, sir, will yees be afther giving to me the shawl that my missus, Mrs. Dyne-court of Selbourne, left here? (*No response. NORA looks bewildered.*) Och, the bad manners he has, or perhaps he's afther climbing all those shtairs and it's he's breath he lost too. Shure, it's the *congealed* spirits we are, with the same sinsations. I wonder if it's long spacheless he's been. (*Goes to figure—examines closely—looks behind.*) By me powers! it's no man he is. He has no back bone at all, at all. Shure, it's the fine pretinsions he's afther making. I niver saw the loikes of that before. I wonder if Billy is bating on this street? Shure, he'd loike to see a man without a bone in his back. I'll look for him (*goes to window*). Niver a bit of him or his *bate* do I see. But some one is coming in at the dure. Oh, bad luck to her, it's that spalpeen of a teacher what can't talk plain. It's to school herself she'd bettther be afther going, and not be afflicting honest people like myself wid her quare blarney. A foine picture she'd make wid her four eyes. It's a foighting they'd be wid each other to see which would git the first look at yees. (*Knock at door.*) Whist! there she is now. It's the fun I'll have with her, anyway. Shure, she'll think it's the spirits. (*Goes behind chair for model. Holds up sheet.*) Shure, that's spiritual enough: ha! ha! (*Winds herself from head to foot in sheet, and hides behind chair.* MLLE. JEANNE *knocks again; opens door slowly, and looks about.*)

MLLE. Ze young ladies not here yet. (*Closes door, and comes down stage.*) Ah, zey think zey can deceive ze French teacher. Zey play ze joke. Ze what zey call lark. I listened to zem. I come here to listen again. I gives to zem ze surprise. (*Looks about.*) It is ze studio of ze artist. It is ze *beau salon*. Oh, ze *belle peinture*. (*Goes to easel and raises drapery slightly.*) It is ze mother of Mees Joyce. She is ze *belle dame*. (*Replaces drapery.*) Mon François is ze artist. He paint ze *belle peinture*. He tell to me *ma chère Jeanne*, your eyes are like ze *bleu de ciel* (*clasps hands*). Ah, mon François, to you zey are ze heavenly eyes, for zey speak of ze love which burns in ze heart, zat beats for you alone. Ah, mon François, you write me ze letters; zey make me so happy. (*Sits upon platform; takes letter from pocket.*) Mon François. (*Kisses letter.*) I would give ze whole world to see you now. (*Reads and sighs. NORA groans. JEANNE starts; listens—reads and sighs again. NORA repeats groan. MLLE. starts.*) Who echo my sigh like zat? (*Looks up.*) It must be ze room: it is very high. (*Business repeated.*)

MLLE. (*rising and stepping from platform*). Oh, Mon Dieu, it is terrible; it makes me have what ze English call ze shivers.

NORA (*slowly appearing*). Mlle. John.

MLLE. Who speaks to me like zat?

NORA. Mlle. John.

MLLE. (*discovering NORA*). Oh, my heart has jumped into my mouth. It is ze spirit, ze evil one.

NORA. Shure, it will be a lively sperrit, — what are yees doing here?

MLLE. It is not ze spirit, it is ze Irish girl that has the Billy.

NORA (*throwing aside sheet*). Faith, and it is, thin — and it's a hundred toimes better he is than yees *Man Franshure*, — I can't spake his name.

MLLE. I will not have you speak so unkind of my love. He is all ze world to me.

NORA. Shure, and I am afther thinking, it's the whole world yees are asking to love yees: first it is Miss Joyce, then it's your poor ma, and then it's the man with a terrible name. Perhaps it will be my Billy yees be wanting next.

MLLE. Non, ze love of ze one man, who has ze whole of my heart, is to me sufficient.

NORA. Faith, and I'm glad yees are satisfied; what are yees doing here?

MLLE. Nothing. I have only come to see ze portrait of ze Madame.

NORA (*aside*). Is it the truth she's afther telling, I wonder? I'm thinking it's some secret she's trying to find out. I'll frighten her a bit, and p'raps learn the secret. (*Aloud.*) Have yees seen any one here? is it to meet some one that yees have come?

MLLE. Non, I have not ze wish to see ze people, I have come only for ze portrait.

NORA. Hark, what's that?

MLLE. (*starts*). Is it ze noise?

NORA. Some one is coming up the stairs; but thin, yees don't mind that.

MLLE. Ah, but I do, — I have not ze wish to be seen — I will not stay; I go at once.

NORA. Thin it's afther a rushing yees must be, for the noise is very near.

MLLE. I have not a moment. (*Makes to door, and by mistake opens closet; enters hurriedly, closing it.*)

NORA. Ah, I thought as much; it's something she's trying to find out. It's the closet she wint into. Faith, one good turn deserves another (*turns key*), watch me *turn* the key. There, perhaps if yees look at that door long enough, with yees four eyes, it will open itself and let yees out in self-defence.

MLLE. (*tries to open door*). Nora, let me out, it is ze closet.

NORA. Faith, and I can't; it's locked it is; shure, the key turned in my hand.

MLLE. Open ze door.

NORA. Yees can hunt in the dark, perhaps yees can foind a prize. (*Takes shawl from chair.*) Ah, yees spalpeen, lucky for yees, my Billy doesn't call this his bate, or it's a sorry creature yees would foind yeeself. (*Exit, C.*)

MLLE. (*tries door, then appears at transom*). I have made ze mistake. I cannot open ze door, and ze Irish girl has left me by

myself: it was not to me kind; what shall I do? if I could reach ze key. (*Reaches over transom, and tries to reach key with cane.*) It is not possible. Mees Joyce and ze young ladies will be to me unkind if zey find me here. (*Noise outside.*) Hark, zat is ze foot-steps. I will make no more ze noise. (*Disappears.*)

(*Enter JILL leading MIRIAM.*)

JILL. Here we are at last, Miriam, and oh, my, what a climb! Don't believe you ever mounted so many stairs before in all your life. (*Leads MIRIAM to chair.*) Sit down and try to breathe again. You must be so tired.

MIRIAM. Yes, I am. What a beautiful place to rest in.

JILL (*goes to window, draws aside curtain*). See how high we are; so quiet, too. Quite away from the stir and bustle. I just love it.

MIRIAM. I don't wonder. The artist is not here?

JILL. No, he is away for the day, and told me that I might bring you here and show you the studio. Oh, I am so happy here!

MIRIAM. Thankful I am that there is some spot so cheerful, that my bird can sing.

JILL (*bringing sketch to MIRIAM*). Guess who that is, Miriam.

MIRIAM (*taking sketch*). Why, it is your own bonny self.

JILL. And look, Miriam. (*Sits in chair for model.*) Here is where I sit while the master paints my picture, and this (*poses*) is the way I look.

MIRIAM. A sweet picture. (*JILL makes movement to rise.*) Rest a while where you are. Let me look at you. When Miriam is far away from here without her sweetheart, Jill, she will comfort herself with a bit of memory.

JILL (*rises*). Don't ask me to sit still when you talk like that, Miriam. (*Goes to her quickly.*) What do you mean?

MIRIAM. I have something to say to you: will you listen patiently?

JILL (*kneels beside MIRIAM, who rests hand upon her head*). I will do my best, but first promise me that you will never say again, that you will be far away without me. Miriam, you are the one friend I have in the world, and it would break my heart to leave you.

MIRIAM. Have you forgotten Miss Joyce?

JILL. Indeed, no. (*Music.*) She offered me a home with her; she is so good and noble, but it would never be home without you. The sun could not shine, the birds would not sing, if you were not there; oh, Miriam, you are trying to punish me because I do not love this wandering life, because I long to live like other girls.

MIRIAM. Jill, you forget; you are unjust.

JILL. Don't treat me like a child, Miriam. I am fifteen years next month, old enough to know that when I was left alone, ~

out father or mother, God sent you to watch over me, guiding my footsteps in safe places, over the rough and stony roads. You were given to me, and I to you; and now that you are growing older, and need my care, do you think that my heart would prompt me to leave you? No, Miriam, great as are my aspirations for a different life, grand as are my dreams of what life might be, *never* do I wish to wander from your protecting arms. Miriam, put them about me, and hold me close. (MIRIAM *embraces JILL and kisses her.*)

JILL. There are tears in your eyes, and mine are trying to keep them company. (*Wipes MIRIAM'S eyes and then her own.*) Don't make us unhappy again.

MIRIAM. It is for your good, my own sweet lamb. Miriam is growing old, and the time may come when she can no longer care for you. Mrs. Dynecourt will give you a home, education, and all that you so much desire. I have not many years of this life left to me, and to know that you are well cared for will make my last hours, though lonely, very happy ones.

JILL. Happy without me? I do not believe it. The time will come when it will be my turn to find the broad and easy paths for you. (*Rises.*) You have always taught me to respect the old, and to lend them a helping hand. When Jill forgets her duty towards Miriam the Gypsy, that old adage, "Charity begins at home," will hide its head in very shame. Let us talk of other things. (*Takes purse from pocket; empties coins into MIRIAM'S lap.*) See, Miriam, how rich we are growing; and the master told me yesterday that he should require me to sit for him many times. (*Takes coins in hand, and lets them fall, one by one, into MIRIAM'S lap again.*) My first earnings, — how proud I am, — no more faintness from want of food, and no more long journeys. (*Gathers coins and refills purse.*)

MIRIAM. We must not forget the kind lady who believed that we were what we are, — honest, Jill. (*Rises. MLLE. raises head and listens.*)

JILL. She must not lose by us; every penny shall be returned. How sweet of her to believe us true and honest. I should so like to do something for her.

MIRIAM. Perhaps the time will come; we none of us know what the future will bring. (*MLLE. disappears.*)

JILL. Let me show you her picture. The master has finished it. (*JILL goes to easel, raises drapery; MRS. DYNECOURT sits behind frame, giving effect of portrait.*)

MIRIAM. A grand likeness, so true and perfect that even the sadness speaks to you from her eyes.

JILL (*covers picture, both turn away*). What was her trouble, Miriam?

MIRIAM. She lost a child several years ago.

JILL. Poor lady, we ought to be friends; for fate or fortune, whichever it is, has treated us alike.

MIRIAM (*music*). Her loss was the great sorrow of her life,

for the child died while on its way from the western country. Called home to the sudden illness of her older daughter, she left this one to the care of the nurse, who was to follow later. She never saw the child again, for fate had been most unkind.

JILL. That is why she seems so sad. I have seen her here; and to-day she is to take a last look at the portrait before it leaves the studio.

MIRIAM (*aside*). I *must* see and speak with her. (*Aloud*.) Coming here? Let us leave, for perhaps she would not care to be disturbed. (*Noise heard on stairs*.)

JILL. Some one is coming now. (*Goes, R.*) Let us leave this way; here is another door. (*Exit, R.*)

MIRIAM (*takes envelope from pocket. Music*). I must give Mrs. Dynecourt these papers. They will bring sunshine to her declining years, and much that will make life happy, while to me —

JILL (*calls*). Miriam.

MIRIAM. As at nightfall, when the earth is dark with shadows, so will be my life when this beam of sunlight sheds its beauteous warmth no more upon it. (*Draws hand across eyes*.) For Miriam, whatever else comes, there will still be the thought which should support and strengthen you: you have done your duty.

JILL (*calls*). Miriam, I am waiting for you.

MIRIAM. The sweetest voice that ever called. (*Exit slowly, R.*)

MLLE. (*appears at transom*). I have listened to ze beggars; zey vill give to Mrs. Dynecourt ze money, ze money which ze little one has earned. Non, non: much as I do not like ze jokes of Mees Joyce, I vill not do so much wrong. I vill tell all. (*Noise heard*.) Again I go to hide.

(*Enter GILRS laughing and talking.*)

MOLLIE. Here we are at last. (*Sinks into chair*.) Oh, I'm so tired! Cousin Geoffrey must have high aspirations. Why didn't he hire the clouds? My gracious! my breath has taken a vacation; and I should say, in the language of the queen of the culinary department, "I am having my morning out."

PHYLLIS. If Suzanne's ladder of fame boasts of as many rounds as we have climbed stairs, farewell to all her greatness.

ANNA. I hope the sequel to this lofty loft, where genius wields the brush of fame, is not a "skied" picture.

MOLLIE (*looking at sketches, holds up one of a dog*). Evidently the atmosphere of this elevated abode is infectious. Behold the skyeterrier. (*Girls laugh*.)

(*Enter SUZANNE.*)

SUZANNE (*dramatically*). Room, my lord, room! and bow in grateful homage. The queen, thy chaperon, approaches. (*Enter JOYCE in costume as much like that of MRS. DYNECOURT as possible. Uses lorgnette. Girls bow with mock gravity.*)

JOYCE. Young ladies, I trust that I shall have no occasion to repent of this visit; that in this secluded spot, where fame and genius walk hand in hand, you will uphold the dignity of your chaperon.

PHYLLIS. Well said; the personification of dignity. But, Jack, my boy, I will give you just five minutes to throw the aforesaid elevation of conduct to the winds and join us in the refrain (*sings*), "We'll have a jolly time."

JOYCE. Five minutes! Half of that will do. I'm with you now. Judy, keep one eye at the window. (JUDITH *runs to window*.) And Lillian, you can do service at the door. (LILLIAN *listens at door*.) And we will paint this home of genius a glowing crimson.

SUZANNE (*sits in model's chair*). Don't disturb me. I feel the inspiring influence of this lofty haven of rest. Go on with your fun, but let me "dream again."

PHYLLIS. No objections to your wandering in the land of dreams, Suzanne. Only let us know when Lady Macbeth intends to walk in her sleep. You will need guardian angels; for those stairs are steep, and should you fall — your fate, I fear, would equal that of the renowned "Humpty Dumpty who sat on a wall."

SUZANNE (*with dignity*). I fail to see the application.

PHYLLIS. Do you? Excuse me, thought it just the thing. How is this?

Suzanne sat upon a chair of state,
And dreamed a dream of love and hate;
Her sightless orbs saw not the stair;
The fall was great, but *Sue* was there.

(*Girls laugh.*)

JOYCE. Phyllis, don't torment Suzanne. I am sure it is delightful to see so much ambition. (*Goes to SUZANNE, puts arm about her.*) Never mind, my dear, it is only jealousy. We would give all the world to possess one-half your talent.

PHYLLIS. That's true, Sue dear. Don't mind my poetic effusion; (*dramatically*) dream on.

JOYCE. Isn't this a jolly place? We can have no end of fun. (*Noise heard in closet.*) Why, what was that?

JUDITH. Perhaps your Cousin Geoffrey is at home, after all, and intends to help us celebrate.

PHYLLIS (*tries door*). It is locked.

MOLLIE. I hope it isn't a mouse.

JOYCE. Let us solve the mystery, as Sue would say. My kingdom for a chair. (MOLLIE *brings chair*. JOYCE *mounts it*. *Looks over transom.*)

PHYLLIS. Is it the skeleton, Jack? There is always one in every closet, you know.

JOYCE (*laughing*). Yes, girls, it is the skeleton. The skeleton of Crandon Hall, and it wears glasses.

ANNA. Who, Johnny?

PHYLLIS. For mercy's sake, Jack, don't improvise such a terrible joke at this stage of the game.

JOYCE. A sad joke, girls; for alas! it savors of the truth! Honor bright, girls, she's here.

JUDITH. Well, I'm not surprised.

JOYCE. Let us stir the skeleton up and hear the bones rattle. (*Looks over transom.*) Why, Mlle. Jeanne, are you here? this is such a *pleasant* surprise.

MOILLIE. Oh, yes, *so* pleasant!

MLLE. (*appears at transom*). Mees Joyce — (*perplexed*) — Mrs. Dynecourt? *Non*, I see it all; it is ze joke. You are yourself, vith ze costume of ze madame. It is ze mistake. I came to see ze portrait of ze madame, your mother, and when I opened ze door to leave ze room, it was not ze door at all.

JOYCE. You have such excellent eyesight, I cannot understand your making such a mistake. I am afraid it is not so much of a mistake after all — that you came here to watch us. (*Steps down.*)

MLLE. *Non, non.*

PHYLLIS (*aside to JOYCE*). I say, Jack, don't let her out yet. Let's have some fun.

JOYCE (*pretends to try key in lock*). Awfully sorry, Mlle., but this key is not inclined to turn. I am afraid you will be obliged to stay.

MLLE. But, Mees Joyce, I do not wish to do what you call to stay. I must return to ze school. Mees Morong will wish me to see.

JOYCE. Very sorry, but with all due respect to Miss Morong, she must wait.

PHYLLIS. What an opportunity for Suzanne to give us the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet!

SUZANNE (*rising eagerly*). A brilliant thought, Phyl; will you be the moon?

PHYL. I must decline that honor, it wouldn't be wise; my brilliancy might cause you to blink, and that would spoil the romance.

(MLLE. JEANNE *shows top of head at transom.*)

SUZANNE.

"But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun! —
Arise, fair sun —"

(MLLE. JEANNE *shows face. Girls laugh.*)

MLLE. Mees Joyce, I beg of you.

SUZANNE.

"She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it." —

PHYLLIS. Indeed it does, and never fails in active service.

SUZANNE.

“Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.”

JOYCE. Those stars must be on the detective force, and show excellent judgment in their selection. The work will be done faithfully, there's no doubt of that. Perhaps that is why her François calls them “heavenly eyes.”

SUZANNE.

“What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.”

(MLLE. *leans arm upon sill and covers face with hands.*)

SUZANNE.

“See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!”

(*Girls laugh.*)

MLLE. (*in despair*). Mees Joyce —

SUZANNE.

“She speaks : —

O speak again, bright angel !” —

MLLE. Mees Joyce — I insist — You must allow me to make myself go — to depart. (*Excitedly.*) You show to me no respect. I am what you call indignant. If mon François were here, and if you had ze brother, he would make him to fight. You haf insulted me.

SUZANNE.

“Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords ;” —

MLLE. It is not kind. I have ze fear ze what you call chair is not steady. I go to fall. (MLLE. *disappears — noise of chair falling — girls laugh.*)

JOYCE (*opens door*). Come forth, sweet maid of France!

MLLE. It is impossible. I am so mixed up with ze chair, I do not know which is which.

JOYCE (*helping her*). The next time curiosity prompts you to climb to starry heights, be sure and help yourself to something more substantial than a dilapidated chair. (*Holds it up.*)

MOLLIE. One more unfortunate! Another victim! A *skied* chair!

MLLE. (*appears in a state of general disorder*). You have covered me with what you call ze chagrin. I go at once.

JOYCE. Allow me the pleasure of escorting you to the *right* door, Mlle. We would not have you repeat your error for all the world. “Au revoir.” (*Girls bow in mock gravity.*) “Au revoir.”

(MLLE. looks at girls — hesitates as if about to speak. Girls draw near and bow again.)

GIRLS. Au revoir, dear Mlle. (MLLE. exit, C. Girls laugh.)

PHYLLIS. Ha, ha, that was a great lark !

JUDITH. You can call it a lark now, if you like, but wait until Miss Morong hears of it ; it will be the sad piping of the whippoorwill.

JOYCE. We won't borrow trouble. Let us be gay while we may.

MOLLIE. I am just dying to roam about.

ANNA. If we find any old costumes, may we put them on ?

JOYCE. Certainly, and don't forget to show them to me.

DAISY. Ar'n't you coming with us, Jack ?

BARBARA. Oh, do come, it will be such sport.

JOYCE. No, I prefer to remain here, for I have not seen mamma's picture yet.

LILLIAN. Suppose some one should come in and find you here ?

JOYCE. I shall sustain my character and remain Mrs. Dynecourt to the end of the chapter. (*Exeunt GIRLS, R. ; PHYLLIS remains.*)

PHYLLIS. I say, Jack, I am dying of curiosity.

JOYCE. Don't do that ; killed by kindness would be a much more desirable way. Can I help you, and bring you to a state of convalescence ?

PHYLLIS. Yes, if not too impertinent. Do tell me about Miriam and Jill.

JOYCE. Nothing impertinent about that — shall be glad to tell you. Upon questioning Jill, I found that she was posing as model for Cousin Geoffrey, and that this very studio was the scene of action. He met them one day, during their wanderings, and Jill's glorious eyes and picturesque costume caught his artistic eye. Jill is earning quite a sum of money, and I hope it is but the beginning of better days to come.

PHYLLIS. Have you heard no more in regard to the money lost by our dear friend Johnny ?

JOYCE. No, but that will clear itself some day. I have as much faith in Miriam and Jill as I have in myself. Mamma has offered Jill a home, but she is faithful to her old friend and will not leave her.

PHYLLIS. The temptation must be great.

JOYCE. Yes, Jill would love to lead another life, yet I respect her all the more. I love to hear her tell of Miriam's devotion ; surely the dear old soul must feel repaid, for Jill's heart is full of loyal love and gratitude.

PHYLLIS. Lucky the girl who needs a friend (*arm about JOYCE*) and comes across your path, Jack. She may not have been born with a silver spoon in her mouth, but if you will pardon my slang, "she gets there just the same." Thank you for telling me ; and if at any time I can help you in your good work, don't forget that you have a friend in Phyllis Reynolds.

JOYCE (*taking her hand*). I don't need to have you tell me that, Phyl — your friendship has been tried. I always know just where to find you.

PHYLLIS. Thanks. Now I will leave you, search for hidden treasures, and with my trophies appear anon. (*Exit R.*)

JOYCE (*raising drapery and looking at portrait*). How beautiful! Cousin Geof has indeed been successful. A perfect picture: *this* is worth having. Such beautiful eyes! (*Looks a moment.*) Yet how sad. (*Drops drapery; music.*) I wonder what the trouble was? Miriam's words have followed me ever since that day when she read mamma's hand. (*Sits in model's chair.*) Mamma will never speak to me of her sorrow — yet, I am sure that she has one. It has been many years since papa died, and the little sister, taken when I was too young to understand. Yet there seems to be something else which time has not successfully softened. Sometimes, when I find her alone, so sad and sorrowful, I ask her to let me help her bear the burden; but always kissing me, she gives back the answer, "Let your heart be light and happy while it may, and when I no longer have the strength to grieve in secret you shall share the sorrow." Then bids me tell her of my school life, so full of happiness. (*Sees picture of JILL upon easel.*) Why, there is Jill. (*Steps down and raises sketch.*) Cousin Geoffrey is doing well: her very expression, when she tells me that she would like to be "like other girls." I wonder what her story is; she does not seem to know, only that Miriam found her, that to her is sufficient. I wonder who her parents were. (*Sits in chair, thinking; music; enter R. MIRIAM cautiously; looks about.*)

MIRIAM (*calls softly*). Mrs. Dynecourt.

JOYCE (*starting; does not see MIRIAM*). Some one thinks it is mamma — what shall I do? I will pretend to sleep.

MIRIAM. I concealed myself in the draperies, and the young ladies did not see me. (*Advancing.*) Mrs. Dynecourt (*looks at JOYCE; advances, looking at her closely, then stands listening*). She sleeps. I must not awaken her, but it is my duty to give to her these papers. (*Takes them from her dress and looks at them.*) And yet why should I? She has wealth, and everything that makes life worth living. A daughter, whose heart is so true and noble, will be to the mother always loyal and loving. (*Excited.*) Why should I give them up? All that makes life bright for me, far from home and kindred, the one joy of my life. Let me take the child away again; they will never know, and it will be so much to me. (*Looks at JOYCE; about to replace papers.*) No, I cannot do it. The love I bear the child must not be a selfish one, it is for her good, I must let her go. (*Goes toward JOYCE.*) These will tell to her the story. They have been with me in my wanderings for ten long years. Many a time at night, when the starlit heaven has been the only roof above us, with Jill beside me, lulled to sleep by the sighing of the wind amongst the trees by the light of the camp-fire, I have read and re-read, until every word is graven

on my heart, "Do not rest until you find her. Follow the scriptures: 'Seek, and ye shall find.' And when you can place in her arms the child she will mourn as dead, then Heaven's choicest blessing rest upon you." Seek? Yes, I have sought, and, now that success has crowned my efforts, grateful as I am that love of duty and for Jill kept me to my pledge, yet do I sorrow for the loss it brings to me. (*Kisses papers.*) Farewell! (*Places them in JOYCE's lap.*) God be with them, and with those to whom they belong. (*Looks at them; slowly crosses stage, exit C.*)

JOYCE (*raising papers, looks at them*). Did I really fall asleep and dream? No, these papers are too real for that. What did Miriam's words mean? (*Reads envelope.*) "For Mrs. Dynecourt — private." How came Miriam by these papers? there is some mystery here. What a temptation to open them, yet I have no right to learn mamma's secret without her knowledge. What can I do? To give them to her will awaken bitter memories, yet I have no right to keep them from her.

(*Enter MOLLIE.*)

MOLLIE. Jack, are you here?

JOYCE (*rising*). Yes, Mollie, what is it?

MOLLIE. No end of fun, such hosts of treasures. Do come and see them.

JOYCE. Glad you have found enough to keep you out of mischief.

MOLLIE. When you see us, you will think that we have found enough to keep us *in* it. If Johnny could see us now, her eyes would develop into saucers. (*Takes JOYCE's hand, and tries to draw her towards exit R. JOYCE is thinking, looking at envelope.*)

MOLLIE. Jack, are you deaf? you don't seem to hear.

JOYCE. Yes, I do, Mollie, but my thoughts have strayed away. Don't be impatient, dear, I will follow you. (*Exit R. with MOLLIE.*)

(*Enter NORA, C.*)

NORA. Shure, it's a bad conscience I have, and it's afther troubling me. Whin I reached home I thought of the teacher shut up in the closet, wid only her eyes for company, and it was sorry I was, so here I am. It's punishment enough she's had, I'm afther thinking, and I'll let her out. (*Opens closet door.*) By me powers, the door couldn't stand the pressure of those eyes, and opened itself. It's gone, she is. I wonder if she stayed long. Well, perhaps a few moments of her own swate society will do her no harm, and shure it gave me the fun. I wonder if it's on the street she is. (*Moves to window.*) No, it's gone she is, entirely. (*Looks again.*) If yees will belave me, it's the teacher she has told, for, if my eyes be not a decavin of me, it's Miss Morong what's a coming in. (*Girls laugh.*) What's that? Young ladies laughing? Where can they be, anyway! (*Goes to R. and looks off.*) Shure, it's Miss Joyce and the young ladies. But what is it makes Miss Joyce

look like somebody else? Shure, I have it — it's her mither's clothes she has on. What's the maning of that, I wonder! and the young ladies too, all dressed up so fine; one of them is dancing a jig like this. (*Imitates fancy dance.*) Shure, if that's the proper way to dance, it's not behind I'll be, in the larning of it. (*Looks R.; watches a moment. Music; gives burlesque fancy dance.*) Ah, if any one has wits about them, it's an aisy dance to larn. Shure, it's my Billy I shall be afther a teaching it. Well, I know the young ladies are here, and the teacher a not a knowing of it. It's shtill they must kape, or it's foinding out she'll be. (*Goes R.*) Whist! sh — whist — sh —

JOYCE (*runs on R.*). Why, Nora, you here; what is it?

NORA. Shure, it's yees own mither yees trying to be; but, whin my eyes first saw yees, it's not decaved I was, whist — sh —

JOYCE. Why, Nora, what is the matter? Why are you so mysterious?

NORA. Do yees hear that noise?

JOYCE. Why, yes, what is it?

NORA. Ivery step yees hear is afther a bringing tribulation to yees. (*Takes JOYCE by arm and brings her down front; loud whisper.*) It's the teacher.

JOYCE. Who? Mlle. Jeanne!

NORA. Shure, it's not John at all, at all: it's the other one, Miss Morong.

JOYCE. Miss Morong? then all the fun is over.

NORA. Don't yees worry, honey, just leave it me; only yees must not shpake wid yees voices, it's quiet yees must kape.

JOYCE. All right, Nora, you help us out of this, and we won't forget it.

NORA. Shure, it's nothing I wouldn't do for yees. Is there a door what leads to the outside in that room?

JOYCE. Yes, into the hall.

NORA. Will, I tell yees what yees can do; if yees hear the teacher making for that room, out of the door yees are to come into the hall, then run around and listen to this one.

JOYCE. Why, Nora, that's a splendid idea.

NORA. Wait now, and I'll tell yees. I'll have her a lookin' at something out of the window, and yees can go through here without her a catching sight of yees, but no laughing, mind yees, or the fun will be no fun at all, and yees are to walk on the tips of yer heels.

JOYCE. Nora, we will fly through the air, and not even a ripple of a smile: your brain is equal to two of ours.

NORA. Whist, sh — she's coming. (*JOYCE exit quickly R.*)

NORA. It's lively my wits I must be afther kaping, I'm thinking, or they will run away with me.

(*MISS MORONG knocks, then opens door C. and enters.*)

MISS M. Why, Nora, what are you doing here?

NORA. If yeess plaze, Miss, my missus sent me here for her shawl, and it's a hard time I've had to find it.

MISS M. Have you seen any of my young ladies? I heard they had been seen entering the studio. (*Looks about.*)

NORA. The young ladies, is it? Niver a bit of them. I wish I had, for it's a hard time I've had a hunting for the shawl, and if any of them had been here it's the help to find it they'd be a giving me. (*One of the girls laughs.*)

MISS M. (*starts and goes R.; NORA runs in front of her and stands before R. entrance*). What was that? surely some one's voice raised in laughter: it was a familiar one, too.

NORA. Shure, if yeess came to this studio ivery day, it's familiar yeess would think it: it's the master's parrot.

MISS M. Nonsense, I will not be deceived. I will look for myself.

NORA. Look, is it? shure, yeess wouldn't look but once: it's the terrible fright I've had.

MISS M. Fright? What do you mean?

NORA. Will, if yeess will belave me, whin I wint into the other room, a looking for Mrs. Dynecourt's shawl, such a noise as I heard, and looking on the floor (*mysteriously*) what do yeess think I saw?

MISS M. Surely, I cannot imagine, but from your voice I should say it was something not exactly pleasant.

NORA. Right yeess are, I looked, and just forninst me were two bright eyes, a looking at me so steady loike. I was so frightened my heart jumped into my mouth and forgot to bate. It didn't take me long to come into this room, and here I've been iver since, a watching, expecting every minute would be my next.

MISS M. What was it?

NORA. Shure, so large a rat, that if that dog on the wall (*points to picture*) could come to life, it's not a dog it would be at all, at all, only a bit of a shadow.

MISS M. Nora, I have always thought you an honest, conscientious girl, but now, I am sure, it is but a trick to deceive me.

NORA. Decave, is it? shure, I wish I was that, it's the terrible fright I would have saved myself.

MISS M. Stand aside, girl, and let me pass. (*Exit R.*)

NORA. Shure, it's too lively they are for the likes of yeess, Miss Morong. I wouldn't have her catch them for the world, to say nothing of the character I'd be afther parting company with. I wonder if they are at this door. (*Goes to door C. and listens.*) Shure, I can hear their loud talking in whispers. (*Opens door a little.*) Miss Joyce, are yeess there?

JOYCE. Indeed we are. Nora, ready for our race for life.

NORA. Then it's quiet yeess must kape your lively tongues, or, faith, it will be a dead one. (*Closes door.*)

(*Enter MISS MORONG.*)

MISS M. You were right after all, Nora, I can find no trace of them.

NORA. Shure, yees will not doubt my word again.

MISS M. But there is something mysterious. I surely heard one of the girls laugh. Then, I never saw a room in such confusion in my life, costumes thrown about everywhere. (*Sits in chair.*)

NORA. Shure, didn't I tell yees that rat made lively work of everything. (*Goes to window, draws aside curtain and opens it.*) The saints preserve us, did yees ever see the likes of that?

MISS M. Why, what is the matter, Nora?

NORA. Just come here, and let me show yees. (*MISS M. goes to window; JOYCE opens door and watches.*)

MISS M. I can see nothing.

NORA. Nothing! lean out of the window (*pointing*), it's over there. (*Points with one hand out of window, with the other motions to girls.*)

MISS M. What is it? (*Girls enter on tiptoe, cross stage and exeunt R.; NORA talking to MISS M.*)

NORA. It was a terrible runaway; yees can't see it now, but hark, I can hear the running of the horse.

MISS M. I cannot even hear that; but there is so much noise in the street, it is not to be wondered at. (*Turns, comes down front; NORA closes window.*)

NORA. It's thankful yees can be, that yees wasn't on the street, shure it's the trouble yees might find for yerself.

MISS M. My search has been unsuccessful. I cannot find the young ladies, but I am not fully satisfied that they have not been here.

NORA. Well, maybe it's later they will come: knowing of yees anxiety, I'll wait here, and should I catch a glimpse of them, it's back to the school I will send them directly, with yees compliments.

MISS M. Yes, if you will; and for such a favor, you shall be rewarded for the good work of the afternoon. (*Exit MISS M., c.*)

NORA. Rewarded, is it? faith, it's a wrong kind of a reward I should be having. I wouldn't have Mrs. Dynecourt hear of this for worlds; it's displeased she would be.

(*Enter girls laughing, group about NORA.*)

JOYCE. Nora, you are an angel. I am proud of you.

PHYLLIS. You are a born diplomat.

NORA. A what is it? it's complimentary yees mean to be, shure.

JOYCE. Indeed she does—we can all speak a good word for you every time, and if ever I meet your Billy I can tell him something that will make him very happy.

PHYLLIS. Ah, Nora, then you have a Billy,—allow me to congratulate you.

NORA. Ah, whist wid yer blarney, it's making fun of me; but did yees know of the fine time I had with the French teacher?

JOYCE. Do you mean Mlle. Jeanne?

NORA. Yes, John something is her name. I frightened her so, she tried to run away, and into the closet she went, and me a turning of the lock on her: faith, I'd like to know how she got out.

JOYCE. Oh, it was you, then, that locked her in? We discovered her and sent her home.

NORA. Miss Joyce, if she makes the trouble for you, it's not French, but Spanish, she'll be afther walking.

JOYCE. Nora, with you as my champion, I expect to lead a jolly life.

NORA. Shure, I must be afther a leaving of yees, altho' it's the duty of an honest girl, like me, to sind yees back to the school, with the compliments of the teacher.

PHYLLIS. Oh, Nora, you could not be so cruel; besides, we are to have a dance; wouldn't you like to see it?

NORA. Indade I would.

PHYLLIS. All right. (*Four of the girls have changed costumes, for those suitable for the minuet.*) Jack, which shall it be, Spanish, Italian, or the old-time minuet?

JOYCE (*takes model's chair*). Let it be the minuet. The music is fascinating, and the dance pretty of motion.

PHYLLIS. We won't promise the latter, but we will do our level best; come on, girls. (*The four girls take position to music; they dance the minuet. Other girls grouped about stage. NORA stands by figure in armor.*)

JOYCE. Well done; as chaperon of this party, I am proud of the exalted position.

NORA. Shure, the queen herself, God bless her, could not have danced that jig half so well.

PHYLLIS. We could find no Portia's costume — poor Suzanne.

SUZANNE. Never mind — I cannot complain — one scene from Shakspeare a day will satisfy me; it is sufficient joy to have been a Romeo.

MOLLIE. Yes, and to *such* a Juliet.

JOYCE (*rises, looks at clock*). Quarter of five. Girls, you must change your gowns at once; we must be at school at half after.

PHYLLIS. All right, Jack. Come, girls. (*Exeunt girls R.*)

NORA. And I must be leaving yees, this time, in dead earnest. (*Goes towards door C.; meets JILL, who enters.*)

JILL. Miriam, Miriam.

JOYCE. Why, Jill, what is the matter?

JILL (*looks about wildly*). Where is Miriam? she is lost, I cannot find her. (*Starts for entrance, R.; faints; NORA catches her.*)

JOYCE. She has fainted; bring her here. (*NORA carries JILL to chair on platform.*)

JUDITH. Loosen her collar, Jack, and give her air.

JOYCE (*unfastens collar, disclosing chain and locket*). Whv, what is this? a locket — perhaps we can find some inscription

upon it; we may learn something of her story. (*Looks at locket.*) How strange, what can this mean? The Dynecourt coat-of-arms. (*Takes chain and locket from her own neck and compares; places hand to head.*) This bewilders me, my hand is trembling so I cannot open it — open it for me, Judy — I must see what is within. (*JUDITH opens locket; JOYCE gives a cry of surprise.*)

JOYCE. The same face looks from mine. The papers — perhaps they can help me. (*Takes papers from pocket.*) Mother, you will forgive me, I know, but to me there is no question of right or wrong now. (*Opens letter and reads; music.*) “Mrs. Dynecourt. Madam. Ten years ago, when the train that was bearing your child, with its nurse, was wrecked, I was there to help and nurse the suffering. Tightly clasped in the arms of one, who died soon after, was a child, a little girl, alive and unharmed. The little one needed care, and attracted by her winning ways, for the time being I claimed her as my own. Although her life has been a wandering one, the child has been shielded from the rough winds, and tenderly cared for. You, in your restlessness, have gone from place to place, until it seemed impossible to find you. Fate has at last been kind, and led me to your doors. The child, Jill, is not a waif without kith or kin, but your daughter. I leave her with you. The locket worn upon her neck, and the words written by the nurse, will tell to you the story. You can ask for no stronger proof. Her soul is pure as the air she breathes; her heart, as true and loyal as the sister, who, when she needed a friend, stood stanch and brave. My heart is heavy with my loss, but, as I told you once, your declining years shall be made happy by young hearts around you. God be with you, and, in the years to come, do not let Jill forget her friend, Miriam the Gypsy.”

JOYCE. At last I have learned my mother's sorrow.

JUDITH. And you thought yourself the only child.

JOYCE. I was too young to understand — I was told my sister died during my illness. The manner of death is the cause of my mother's grief — that the child should have died away from her.

JILL (*revives and calls*). Miriam. (*JOYCE goes to her.*)

JOYCE. Miriam has left you with me.

JILL (*looks at her*). Your voice is that of Miss Joyce. Yet, you look —

JOYCE. Like my mother — I forgot, I am masquerading.

JILL (*rises*). But I must not stay here. I cannot rest until Miriam is found.

JOYCE. Jill, we wish you to live with us, my mother needs another daughter — and then we can be like sisters.

JILL. Sisters? That word to me is full of sweet meaning, yet I must not be tempted. Miriam must be my one thought and care.

JOYCE (*takes locket from her own neck*). Jill, look at this: did you ever see one like it before?

JILL. Why, yes, it is mine.

JOYCE. No, indeed, I claim that as my own.

JILL (*finds her own locket about neck, looks at it, then at JOYCE*). They are both alike — where did you get it?

JOYCE. Listen, Jill, while I tell you something. (*Arm about JILL, who leans head against her shoulder; music.*) Ten years ago, my mother lost a daughter in the West.

JILL. In the West?

JOYCE. Yes, there was an accident; news reached my mother that the train was wrecked, and that her child was killed.

JILL. Ten years ago — a railway accident — why, I was there too.

JOYCE (*gives paper to JILL*). Read this, Jill.

JILL (*reads papers, grows excited; at last reads aloud*). "The child Jill is not a waif, without kith or kin, but your daughter." (*With hand to head.*) Miss Joyce, what does this mean? whose daughter am I? tell me.

JOYCE (*leads her to portrait, and raises drapery*). Need you ask, Jill?

JILL. And you? my sister?

JOYCE. Yes, Jill.

JILL. My mother! (*Falls upon knees, embraces picture with arms, bows head sobbing.*)

(*Enter GIRLS, laughing.*)

JUDITH. Hush, girls.

MOLLIE. Why, what's the matter? What does this scene mean?

JOYCE. It means, girls, that Jack has not found her task as chaperon an idle one. That the waif, who, from the first, drew my heart towards her, has found a home at last. (*Joyously.*) Think of my happiness. In Jill I have a sister! (*With one hand on frame, the other on JILL'S head.*) My mother bears no longer the sorrow of ten long years, for the daughter, whom she mourned as dead, is given back. As the mist melts away beneath the warmth of the sun's rays, so will this new happiness drive away the sadness from her eyes.

(*MIRIAM enters c.*)

PHYLLIS. Here is the Gypsy now. (*MIRIAM holds up finger, but JILL hears.*)

JILL. Miriam here? (*Rises, sees her, and runs into her arms.*) Oh, Miriam, I thought I had lost you; I have found a mother, sister, home. Home? no, it cannot be that without you.

MIRIAM. Yes, little one, it shall be a home to you. Others have a right to you now. I cannot claim you longer.

JILL. Miriam!

MIRIAM. Hush, Jill, listen to what I have to say. I know what your love for Miriam is, strong and loyal. Now a mother and sister have been given you. (*Places JILL in JOYCE'S arms, who,*

turned away, is not recognized.) Your duty lies with them; make their lives as happy as you have mine, and life will indeed be blessed.

JILL (*holds out arms to MIRIAM*). Miriam, do not leave me.

MIRIAM. Your duty, Jill, is there.

(*Tableau; MIRIAM stands L. C. pointing finger; JOYCE R. C., with JILL in her arms, who is sobbing; NORA at door C.; GIRLS grouped about stage.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

"LIKE OTHER GIRLS."

SCENE. — *Drawing-room at "Selbourne." Time, four o'clock in the afternoon. Room lighted for evening reception. Entrances, C., R., and L. in flat; open fire R.; arm-chair before it; candelabras on mantel, lighted. Usual drawing-room furniture. Five o'clock tea-tables, laid L. Curtain raised to music of "Dancing in the Barn;" Girls dressed in evening costumes, dancing. They continue dancing several minutes after curtain is raised.*

PHYLLIS (*throwing herself into arm-chair by fire*). That was glorious music — so inspiring — it would almost tempt me to join the ranks and march into battle, although I am afraid instead of the dignified tramp, tramp, I should appear before the astonished gaze of my commander-in-chief skipping the light fantastic toe.

MOLLIE. Yes, and you would be called upon to *skip* that regiment in double-quick time.

PHYLLIS. I do hope that sometime I can dance to my heart's content.

ANNA. There is no doubt but that you will, Phyl. You would dance into the wee small hours if the music would keep you company. I expect when once you throw off the suppressing bonds of "Crandon Hall," your aspirations will soar to starry heights, and you will queen it in that social world of yours, until we shall be forced to hold our breath, and wonder if we ever knew such a butterfly of fashion.

PHYLLIS. Your speculations won't be far out of the way, Nan, if I can have my say. Luncheons given in my honor, theatres, receptions, balls — oh, my, it just makes me wild to think of it. Thankful am I that there are but six months more of school life.

JUDITH. Don't be thankful for that, you ought to be grateful that you can have an education. Look at Jill — hungry to learn — and doing well, too, with her studies.

PHYLLIS. Yes, the new life becomes her. She is "to the manor born."

MOLLIE. I wonder why Mrs. Dynecourt does not claim her as her daughter.

PHYLLIS. She does not know of the good fortune yet ; it is still a secret ; waiting for the Gypsy, I believe. Remember, "mum's " the word.

BARBARA. We won't forget it. It was awfully sweet of Mrs. Dynecourt to invite us to be maids at her five-o'clock tea. Here we are, an hour before the time, as she requested. I do hope I shall do the proper thing ; never poured tea in all my life.

PHYLLIS. You will be all right, Bab, if you are on your dignity with the young men. No shy glances, no becoming blushes, or you will pour tea anywhere but into the cups. That reminds me, Mollie, Cousin Tom will be here to-night, and if you are a real good girl, you shall have that long talked of introduction.

MOLLIE (*goes to PHYLLIS*). Honor bright ?

PHYLLIS. Yes, but look out for breakers ; if his mamma should behold you making eyes at her pet son, she will very soon cause him to disappear. Aunt Becky is just as lovely as she can be ; but her one weakness, and Nora would call it a strong one, is Tom. Yes, and he is decidedly strong, six feet in height, and no end of muscle. His mother thinks it her right to choose him a wife ; strange as it may seem, Tom does not agree with her. Sometime when "Greek meets Greek," Tom will be "in it," and it will be quite a tug of war.

MOLLIE. Oh, dear, that spoils all the fun. I do hate these managing mammas.

PHYLLIS (*rising*). Play indifference : that will work beautifully, I know. I've tried it. These terrified mammas are sometimes found napping.

JUDITH. You speak, Phyl, as though you had had a large share of experience.

PHYLLIS. Only a little experience, but heaps of fun, Judy. If you can only keep your heart out of the skirmish, and your head above water, no danger of disaster. There are plenty of danger-signals.

JUDITH. Nora was to tell Mrs. Dynecourt ; I wonder if she knows that we are here. (*Goes to door C.*) Here comes Jack.

(*JOYCE enters C., roses in each hand.*)

JOYCE (*girls all rise*). Ha, ha. Ho, ho — a pretty sight, upon my soul. Girls, you do me proud.

JUDITH. What lovely roses, Jack.

JOYCE (*smelling of them*). And just as sweet as they are lovely. (*Places some in vase on table, others in vase by mantel.*) We must make a jolly good time of this, girls ; plenty of young men, who will fully appreciate all the smiles and blushes. No laggards, remember — every one to her duty.

LILLIAN. The duty is such a pleasant one, Jack, I hardly

think we shall need any encouragement ; too good an opportunity to lose.

(*Enter MRS. D. ; GIRLS go forward to meet her.*)

MRS. D. My maids are here, and so lovely too ; and the best of all, on time, as I requested.

PHYLLIS. It was so kind of you to invite us.

MRS. D. Not at all. I am the one that claims that pleasure ; yet, if you can share it with me, so much the better. Are you all here ?

JOYCE. All but Suzanne, mamma. The final exhibition of the elocution class was held this afternoon. She has been working hard upon a new recitation, which was to be given to-day.

MRS. D. No doubt she has been successful. Miss Suzanne has talent ; with hard work and patience, I am confident, her future will be assured. Now if you will come with me to the dining-room, your duties shall be assigned you. (*Girls about to follow MRS. D. R., when PHYLLIS, going to door C., announces SUZANNE.*)

PHYLLIS. Here she comes now. (*SUZANNE appears at door C. wearing long evening cloak.*) Oh, Sue, did you fail ?

SUZANNE (*dramatically throwing back cloak*). Fail ! Fail ! In the pathway of youth, with patience as the watchword, and genius as the beacon light, there's no such word as fail.

GIRLS (*applaud*). Bravo !

PHYLLIS. Mrs. Dynecourt, you behold our future queen of the drama.

MRS. D. (*holding out hand to SUZANNE*). You have my warmest congratulations : we shall be proud of you, I know.

SUZANNE. Thank you, Mrs. Dynecourt. I mean to win if honest endeavor will help me. I trust you will pardon my few moments of tardiness, but the girls promised to bring my excuses.

MRS. D. And fulfilled their duties to the letter. From the bright look upon your face, and your spirited answer to Miss Phyllis's question, I need hardly ask if the afternoon was a success.

SUZANNE. Beyond my wildest dreams.

PHYLLIS. Tell us all about it, Sue.

SUZANNE. Wait until we are within the four walls of our fortress ; you will need entertainment then. Now we must not keep Mrs. Dynecourt waiting.

PHYLLIS. Indeed, no ; my usual thoughtlessness.

MRS. D. (*arm about PHYLLIS*). Don't worry, my dear, we will lead the way. (*Exeunt MRS. D. R., with GIRLS.*)

NORA. Shure, it's a foine time we are to have. and the kitchen filled with the black naygers. They don't know it's the stylish Miss Nora McCarthy they be afther ordering about. So fine do they feel, with their best clothes on, it's gloves they be afther wearing, for fear it's their hands they can't kape clean. If my Billy knew the likes of that it's dead he'd be with the laughing, and

shure, it's no one that would be a blaming of him. (*Bell rings.*) I wonder if it's the company what's after coming. Faith, it's quite excited I finds myself. (*GIRLS rush on with exception of JOYCE and JILL.*)

PHYLLIS. Oh, Nora, did you hear the bell? It must be some of the guests.

NORA. Faith and I did thin: shure, one of the naygers is at the door. I hope the company will not be afther a thinking that it's a black family we are. Wait, and I'll just take a peep.

(*Exit c. ; GIRLS watch.*)

BARBARA. Oh, dear! I do dread it so.

PHYLLIS. Nonsense, Bab, take a brace.

(*NORA enters.*)

NORA. It's not company at all, at all. It's the French teacher, Miss John.

ANNA. Johnny here! well, she never loses an opportunity.

(*Exit NORA.*)

MOLLIE. Perhaps Mrs. Dynecourt invited her.

PHYLLIS. It is not likely. I tell you what, girls, call Jack, and we'll have some fun. (*Exit MOLLIE, L.*)

JUDITH. Johnny will have her ears and eyes wide open. She knows us too well not to be on the watch for larks.

(*Enter JOYCE and MOLLIE.*)

JOYCE. For mercy sakes, girls, what is all this rush? I should think Johnny was on the war-path again.

PHYLLIS. And indeed she is, fully adorned with war-paint and feathers. She has just come in. Can't we have some fun?

JOYCE. It would hardly do, Phyl, to play a joke upon her in my mother's house, much as I should like to: it would not be courteous. But I have an idea — let us overwhelm her with attentions. Such a surprise will take her breath away. (*Pulls bell-rope hanging on wall L.*)

MOLLIE. Yes, devotion on our part would be a surprise indeed.

(*Enter NORA.*)

JOYCE. Nora, you may bring the tea: we will serve it to Mlle. here.

NORA. Yes, Miss. (*Exit L.*)

JOYCE. We will be so polite, girls, her suspicions will be aroused, and she won't stay long.

(*Enter MLLE., C.*)

MLLE. Is ze madame not in?

JOYCE (*extending hand*). Ah, Mlle. Jeanne, we are delighted to see you; aren't we, girls?

PHYLLIS. Indeed we are. (GIRLS surround MLLÉ., grasping her hand.)

MOLLIE. So glad you came; we have been pining to see you.

MLLÉ. (*very much astonished*). I — I am sure, I thank you.

JOYCE. Do have a chair. (*Presents chair.*)

PHYLLIS. Yes, do take one. (*Presents chair.*)

MOLLIE (*with chair*). You must take mine.

ANNA. I insist.

(MLLÉ., *perplexed, starts for one chair, then another; finally takes the one presented by JOYCE. GIRLS seat themselves.*)

JOYCE. Charming day.

ANNA. Not a bit chilly.

PHYLLIS. Balmy, isn't it?

MLLÉ. (*sitting on edge of chair nervously*). No — I mean it is yes — it is lovely.

PHYLLIS. This time of year is so delightful, when the festive spring chicken (GIRLS *laugh*; MLLÉ. *annoyed*) breaketh its shell and entereth upon its short career. By the way, Mlle., speaking of chicken — (GIRLS *laugh*.)

(*Enter NORA with tea; places it on tea-table.*)

NORA (*aside to JOYCE*). Shure, and I've made it hot for her. (*Exit R.*)

JOYCE. Now, Mlle., do allow me to serve you a cup of tea.

MLLÉ. I fear it will give you ze trouble.

JOYCE. No indeed, as Nora would say, the trouble will be a pleasure.

MLLÉ. Then I will take it and give to you ze thanks.

PHYLLIS. I speak for the honor.

MOLLIE. I fly for it. (*Makes to tea-table, followed by GIRLS, who are very much amused. They surround MLLÉ. each with cup of tea.*)

PHYLLIS. Mlle., will you do me the honor? (*Presents cup.*)

SUZANNE. Here is nectar fit for the gods.

MOLLIE. And mine is food for angels.

(MLLÉ., *very nervous, takes cup in each hand. GIRLS return to table.*)

MLLÉ. (*aside*). I have ze fear of ze joke; ze courtesy is not as I have foud it; I have ze two cups of tea. I must be to all polite, and drink ze both of them. (*Tastes of one cup, makes face, and coughs; GIRLS return.*) Ah, zat tea has in it ze fire. I will drink of ze other. (*Tastes of second cup; repeats business, only more of it.*)

JOYCE. Why, Mlle., what is it? Is the tea not right?

MLLÉ. Oh, yes, I thank you, but it is very warm. (*Tastes again, business repeated.*)

PHYLLIS. I fear you have a severe cold.

MLLE. *Non*, it is only ze irritation of ze throat.

MOLLIE. Are you often afflicted in this way?

MLLE. (*looking at her sharply*). Never — never, in *this* way before.

JOYCE. Let me send for a glass of water : that is always soothing.

MLLE. *Non, non* (*rises*), I must make myself to go. (*Coughs*.) I have ze engagement.

PHYLLIS. Do have a glass of water first !

MLLE. *Non*, I thank you, for ze kindness and for ze *warm* reception. *Au revoir*. (*Exit C., coughing. GIRLS laugh.*)

JOYCE. It was as I told you, girls. She could not stand so much courtesy from us : it was too great a surprise. But I wonder why the tea choked her so. Let me taste it. (*Takes cup from table and tastes tea; coughs.*) Why, what is the matter? something wrong. Do taste, Phyl.

PHYLLIS (*tastes tea*). Hot with pepper, I should say. I don't wonder she had convulsions.

JOYCE. Do you suppose Nora could have done such a thing? (*Rings bell.*) It does not seem possible.

MOLLIE. Nora isn't over fond of her; perhaps she thought she would have some fun on her own account.

(*Enter NORA, L.*)

JOYCE. Nora, there is something wrong about the tea; have you put anything in it?

NORA. Faith, and I did, Miss. It was only pepper; didn't I tell yees I'd made it hot for her. (*Laughing.*) Shure, and the way she wint out of the door, with her handkerchief to her eyes, and her face red with the coughing, was a picture worth looking at. (*GIRLS laugh.*)

JOYCE. Nora, I am very much displeased.

NORA. Faith, it's not here I'll have her coming to make trouble for yees.

JOYCE. I appreciate your kind intentions, but please remember that I am old enough to fight my own battles.

NORA. Shure, and it's plazed I'd thought yees would be; yees don't love her, I'm thinking.

JOYCE. That has nothing to do with it. In my mother's house I would not be guilty of so mean an action. Now, you must find Mlle. at once and make a full explanation.

NORA (*wiping eyes*). Shure, it will break my heart, Miss Joyce, to have yees sorry with me.

JOYCE. Then never do such a thing again, and I will forgive you this time. (*Giving tea to NORA.*) Take this away.

NORA. Yes, Miss — I promise never to do it again, Miss —

JOYCE. Very well — I hope this will teach you a lesson. (*Exit NORA, R., wiping eyes.*)

JOYCE. Well, there was not so much courtesy in our attentions as we imagined.

JUDITH. No, and I suppose Johnny thought it a deep-laid scheme.

PHYLLIS. Never mind, don't worry over it. Pepper is good for digestion. Let us return to the dining-room. We left it when the bell rang. Curiosity drove all ideas from our brains.

SUZANNE. Yes, come one, come all.

Warm was our courtesy, and great the fall.

(GIRLS *laugh and make to door, R.*)

(MLLE. *enters C., cautiously.*)

MLLE. Ze young ladies have left ze room. Ah, I feared ze joke. I cannot be deceived. I know zem too well. (*Coughs.*) Ze tea was hot with ze pepper ; my throat has ze fire in it at this moment. I have drank ze water, but it makes ze burn greater.

(*Enter NORA.*)

NORA. Ah, yees there, Mlle. John? Shure, I've been looking for yees. It's your pardon, I'm to be afther asking.

MLLE. Ze pardon? Why do you ask of me zat?

NORA. Faith, I thought yees came here to make trouble for my young lady, Miss Joyce.

MLLE. I came here to see only ze madame.

NORA. Thin I axes yees pardon for putting the pepper in your tea.

MLLE. You put ze pepper in ze tea?

NORA. Yes, I did — didn't yees taste it?

MLLE. Ah, that I did: then it was not ze young ladies?

NORA. As true as I breathe every breath I draw, it was only myself what did it! Isn't it Miss Joyce what sends me here to beg your pardon? Shure, yees will belave me!

MLLE. That I will. I do not wish to think ze wrong of ze young ladies. The madame, is she not in?

NORA. Faith, it's not out she'd be whin it's the great company she's to have.

MLLE. Ah, she is to have ze *grande fête*.

NORA. Great fate is it — shure, if yees afther thinking it — it's not polite for yees to come here and tell her of it. Shure, I'm ashamed of yees. Great fate — maybe it's dead with the envy yees are. Shure, it's not small fate yees have yourself.

MLLE. Ah, you do not know ze language. In France we call ze company, ze *grande fête*.

NORA. Shure, it's a bad language yees have anyway. Why can't yees be contint with the talk of sensible people like myself, and not be puzzling the brain of those who must listen to yees.

MLLE. Ah, ze language of France, ze country of France, it is *belle*.

NORA. A bell is it? shure, and I thought it was some quare place: that must be the reason yees have so much tongue.

MLLE. You have not ze respect. I talk no more with you.

(*Sits in chair.*) I wish to see ze madame — go tell to her zat I am here.

NORA. Faith and I will. (*Aside.*) Not sorry, I am, that it was the hot tea she had. It's no warmer than was good for her: it may make that conscience of hers a bit lively. (*Exit R.*)

MLLE. I have come to speak to ze madame. I bring to her ze money. I cannot do wrong to ze beggars.

(*Enter MRS. D.*)

MRS. D. Ah, Mlle., Nora tells me that you wish to speak with me.

MLLE. Yes, madame.

MRS. D. Won't you be seated? (MLLE. *takes chair, also MRS. D.*)

MLLE. I come to give to you ze money.

MRS. D. Money — what money?

MLLE. You have made yourself forget ze money zat ze beggars stole.

MRS. D. (*eagerly*). Then you have found it?

MLLE. Yes, I have what you call, found it, but I wish to tell you something. I have much to confess.

MRS. D. Confess? You? I do not understand.

MLLE. Ze day ze beggars were at ze school Mees Joyce was to me unkind. She made of me ze conundrum. I listen — she call to me ze name.

MRS. D. My daughter call you names?

MLLE. I was what you call provoked. I wished to have ze revenge. I tell to Mees Morong zat ze beggars were in my room. Zen I wish to make ze trouble for Mees Joyce. I tell you all zat ze beggars have stolen ze money.

MRS. D. Yes, I know that; what then?

MLLE. I tell you ze untruth — ze lie.

MRS. D. (*rises*). Mlle. Jeanne, what do you mean?

MLLE. (*rises*). Just that I have not at that time spoken ze truth. Ze beggars did not take ze money. (*Opens purse and gives money to MRS. D.*) Here it is — the money you gave to me. It was not for ze money zat I took it, it was only for ze revenge.

MRS. D. (*taking money*). Have you found the beggars, as you call them? Do they know this?

MLLE. Not yet — listen — I will tell to you. (*Both sit.*) One day — it was at ze — well, never mind, where — I heard ze beggars talking — ze little one had earned ze money. They talked of you, ze beautiful lady who gave to them ze trust; they promised to ze other that all ze money should be paid to ze madame — that every penny should be returned.

MRS. D. (*wipes eyes*). Just like Miriam and Jill.

MLLE. I could not do to them ze harm — I bring to you ze money; I ask of you ze forgiveness.

MRS. D. (*rises and holds out hand, which MLLE. takes*). And I

freely give it, and thank you for the spirit of honor which prompted you to come to me. While I never doubted Miriam or Jill, I am glad that in other eyes the mystery has been cleared.

MLLE. May I speak to Mees Joyce?

MRS. D. Certainly. (*Rings bell.*) She will be glad to hear the good news. (*Enter NORA.*) Nora, tell Miss Joyce I wish to see her.

NORA. I will, ma'am. (*Exit NORA, C.*)

MLLE. I have ze fear that Miss Joyce will not speak to me ze gentle words.

MRS. D. My daughter is in her own home, and is always courteous to her mother's guests.

(*Enter C., JOYCE with MISS MORONG.*)

MRS. D. (*shakes hands with MISS M.*) I am glad to see you. Joyce, Mademoiselle has something she wishes to say to you.

JOYCE. Is it anything for my ears alone?

MLLE. *Non*, I have done ze wrong. I will hide it no longer. Mees Joyce, ze day that ze beggars stole ze money—I did to them ze wrong—ze money was not touched by them.

JOYCE. I thought so. (*Sternly.*) Well, Mlle. Jeanne, will you please explain your actions to me; they are rather peculiar.

MLLE. The day you made of me ze conundrum I found ze paper on ze ground. I did not like it, I was very provoked. I made ze trouble for you and ze beggars.

JOYCE. Rather a serious one, too, it might have proved if we had not trusted them. Why do you repent now?

MLLE. I heard ze beggars—

JOYCE. Listening, as usual?

MRS. D. Joyce, be careful of your words.

MLLE. Ze little one earned ze money. Zey were to give it all to ze madame, who trusted them. I could not do to them ze harm.

JOYCE. Is it possible that there is a warm corner in your heart after all?

MLLE. I came to ask ze forgiveness of ze madame and of you.

JOYCE. You have cast a shadow upon the good names of Miriam and Jill. The apology is mostly due to them. (*Looks at MRS. D.*) From my mother's face I can see that she has forgiven you. She is always worthy to be followed. (*Holds out hand.*)

MLLE. Ah, Mees Joyce, I can never thank you enough.

MISS M. But when may I speak? That a teacher of Crandon Hall should speak and act a lie cannot be overlooked by me. Mlle. Jeanne, I can dispense with your services.

JOYCE. Miss Morong, she is not wholly to blame. I must make my confession. True it is that I have composed conundrums about Mlle. Jeanne, that I have often played jokes, and no doubt have made life at times very unpleasant for her. Now that she has shown that there is honor in her heart, that before us all she is willing to confess her wrong, you must join us, and we will forget and forgive.

MRS. D. Yes, Miss Morong, Joyce's plea is an eloquent one. You cannot withstand it.

MISS M. No, I cannot, but (*to* Mlle. Jeanne) I hope such proceedings belong wholly to the past.

JOYCE. I am sure of it. I will do my part. Come, Mlle. Jeanne, let us find the girls, tell to them the good news, and let us try henceforward to be friends.

Mlle. Mees Joyce, never again will I try to make for you ze trouble.

JOYCE. And I promise no more jokes.

Mlle. Mrs. Dynecourt, I thank you. Mees Morong, I will not do so again. *Au revoir.* (*Exeunt* L., Mlle. Jeanne and JOYCE.)

MISS M. Well, I am surprised. I did think that Mlle. Jeanne could be trusted.

MRS. D. And you may think so still. Rest assured, we have touched upon the cornerstone of what is good in Mlle. She has won Joyce's heart by her frankness and as champion she will lead the others.

MISS M. Then, I am not sorry that this has happened. I cannot think of discord in Crandon Hall.

MRS. D. Come with me to see the girls. They are a lovely sight. (*Exeunt* MRS. D. and MISS M., c. *Enter* JOYCE *with arm about* PHYLLIS.)

PHYLLIS. Never more surprised in my whole life. Mlle. Jeanne's confession is the latest dynamite explosion — quite a sensation for Crandon Hall.

JOYCE. It has made me like her. I hope it is but the beginning of less curiosity on her part, and fewer larks on ours.

PHYLLIS. (*GIRLS seated on sofa*). Jack, we are having an awfully good time. Your mother is sweetness itself. (*Hugging her.*) And you are just like her.

JOYCE. Thanks, Phyl. That is a compliment worth having. How are the many cousins whom you count by dozens?

PHYLLIS. All flourishing, and the small army of mustaches quite reminds me of a walk in the woods in early spring, when a few blades of grass are struggling to reach the surface; quite a race to see which one will see sunlight first.

JOYCE. Ha, ha, Phyl, they wouldn't thank you for so graphic a description of what they, no doubt, are very proud of. They will be here to-night.

PHYLLIS. Yes, ever so many of them, and dying to meet my best friend, Jack. When I told Harry your name he said, "Must be a stunner with a name like that." Yes, they are prepared to lose their hearts, and there will be greater rivalry between the crimson and the blue than has ever been known yet.

JOYCE. Phyl, do you know what becomes of little girls who enlarge with that attractive corner of the brain, the imagination?

PHYLLIS. 'Pon honor, Jack, haven't said a word that is not the truth. One can't help enthusing when they talk about you.

JOYCE. If Suzanne could hear you she would call forth her elocutionary powers, and cry, "Hold, enough!" As she is not here to do it for me, I must assume that tragic air myself. I shall nickname you Mistress Taffy. So have a care, my dear. (*Rises, goes to mantel; takes two roses from vase.*) Come, take this. (*Holds out rose to PHYLLIS, who goes to her.*) Let this be the emblem of peace, and no more flattery.

PHYLLIS. Well, you won't believe me, so I won't insist. Does your mother know of the escapade at the studio?

JOYCE. No, I have not yet told her—not even my discovery. Jill will not let me speak until we find Miriam. I do not like to deceive mamma, but I have given my promise.

GIRLS (*outside, call*). Phyllis!

PHYLLIS. The girls are calling me.

JOYCE. All right. Have a jolly good time, and I will be with you soon. (*Exit PHYLLIS.*)

JOYCE (*by fireplace; takes out envelope from pocket*). I wish I could speak; these letters burn in my pocket. If we could only hear from Miriam. (*Sits in chair looking at fire. Enter JILL in costume "like other girls;" goes to JOYCE, and covers eyes with hands.*)

JILL. Guess who it is, Jack.

JOYCE (*taking JILL'S hands from eyes and holding them, looks up at JILL, who kisses her*). No need of guessing. I am too fond of that voice not to know it.

JILL. And I am too fond of you to keep away a moment longer. What are you doing?

JOYCE. Thinking (*raises envelope*) about these papers.

JILL (*kneels beside her*). Oh, if we could only find Miriam, Jack, I should be so happy. It is four weeks since she went away.

JOYCE. And four weeks since we found that we were sisters. Only think, Jill, of mamma's happiness when she knows. We ought to tell her.

JILL (*music*). Yes, I know, but wait until we find Miriam. Should our mother know—mother—that word, Jack—to think that I have one really my own—I should never wish to leave her. She has been lonely long enough. But think how dreadful it would be should I hear that Miriam was ill. I could not stay away from her. She belongs to the old life, Jack, and she it was who gave me of her love and care. Let me but find her again. It will come all right soon, I know. Something tells me to have patience; and you will help me, won't you, Jack?

JOYCE (*kisses her*). Yes, I will be patient too, and we will help each other.

JILL. What do you suppose my real name is? Surely Jill is not the right one.

JOYCE. That we shall know when everything else is cleared. You will always be Jill to me. Evidently we were meant for one another, for even old Mother Goose has made us famous.

JILL. O Jack! to think that I really belong here; that I can call this lovely home my own, and everything just —

JOYCE. “Just like other girls.” What an ambitious maid you are.

JILL. Indeed I am. I only hope I can make myself worthy of it all.

JOYCE. No fear of that, little sister. I am proud of you now, proud of that heart of yours, which clings to Miriam and to duty.

JILL. You do not blame me, then?

JOYCE. No, Jill. (*Both rise.*) Do whatever you feel is right, and when mamma can claim you, she will have all the more to make her happy. You have won her heart now, and already her eyes brighten when you are with her. If I didn't love you so much I should be jealous?

JILL. Jealous of me? Oh, no, I hope not. Should my coming to life bring discord here, I should vanish like the wind.

(*Enter NORA, who rushes across stage with teapot in hand.*)

JOYCE. Why, Nora, what on earth are you doing?

NORA. *Rushing tea* — that's what the man what calls himself the cook told me to do. Shure, he said to me, “It's time for *rushing* tea;” and then I took the teapot and rushed with it from one end of the kitchen to the other. “What are yees acting like that for?” sez he: “is it crazy yees are?” “Is it crazy yees are yourself,” sez I, “asking me to do the likes of that? Shure it's a quare tea that needs rushing.” Thin yees niver heard the likes of thim. I thought they'd die with the laughter. “Faith, I'll not stay where yees are,” sez I; and I lift them to their own company; and shure, it's from one end of the house to the other I've rushed, and it's tired I am.

JILL. Rushing tea. What can she mean, Jack?

JOYCE (*laughing*). Ha, ha! O, Nora! you are great sport and no mistake. You must mean Russian tea.

NORA. That's what I said plain enough, *rushing* tea, and it's the lemon he was cutting up to eat with it.

(*JOYCE and JILL both laugh.*)

JOYCE. Nora, your mistakes are funny ones. “Life” ought to engage you. You could furnish no end of material. Come, we will go with you to the kitchen, and try to make amicable arrangements between the queen of that hallowed spot and the intruders.

(*Exeunt JOYCE, JILL, and NORA, R.; enter MRS. D., L.*)

MRS. D. Then I was right in my convictions. Honest Miriam and my sweet, pure-hearted Jill. (*Sits in chair by fire; music.*) She has consented to make her home with me at last. Joyce is so fond of her, and something, I know not what, makes me happier than I've been for years; and yet (*wipes eyes*) tears will come to my eyes, when I think of that dreadful past. (*Leans face on hands and looks into fire; enter MISS M. unseen by MRS. D.*) Ten

years ago my little one was taken from me, and my heart has been lonely ever since. How much I wish sometimes that I had some one to talk to.

MISS M. (*comes forward*). Mrs. Dynecourt, I would gladly help you if I could.

MRS. D. (*rising*). Miss Morong! Then you heard what I said?

MISS M. Yes; I entered just as you were speaking. I will not remain if you prefer to be alone.

MRS. D. Indeed, no. Take this seat by the fire. You will find it a cheerful one.

MISS M. No; keep it yourself. I will bring this one. (*Brings chair and sits by MRS. D.*)

MRS. D. As you wish. (*Resumes seat.*)

MISS M. I wished to speak with you about my new pupil, Jill.

MRS. D. Is she doing well? Does she like her work?

MISS M. Wonderfully well. It quite astonishes me. Evidently she belongs to something better than this wandering tribe you have taken her from.

MRS. D. Yes, I am sure of it. Joyce is so fond of her, and anxious to adopt her as a sister; but the little one is true to her old friend, the Gypsy, and will not consent to leave her forever. Miriam has disappeared and we are trying to find her. Jill brings back to me the days when my youngest child was living. Had she not died, she would have been just her age.

MISS M. Another daughter, Mrs. Dynecourt? I thought Miss Joyce was the only one.

MRS. D. Miss Morong, you have always been kind, and now that I must speak to some one, let me talk to you.

MISS M. (*holding out hand, MRS. D. takes it*). You are sure of warm and honest sympathy.

MRS. D. That is why I speak. (*Music.*) Ten years ago, after the death of my husband, I spent a few months in the West with my youngest child and nurse. Joyce was left at home with my sister, who begged me to leave her with her. While in the West, a telegram came, telling me of the sudden illness of Joyce; desiring to reach the East as soon as possible. My youngest child Margaret and the nurse were to follow me more leisurely. I found Joyce very ill, but we fought and saved her. With my heart light and happy with the prospects of her recovery came the news that the train, bearing my child from the West, was wrecked, and Margaret was lost to me forever. Ah, Miss Morong, the little one's death is ever before me; and the thought of the possible suffering has at times nearly crazed me to think of her dying amongst strangers, no last kiss, no mother love. (*Covers face with hands.*)

MISS M. Mrs. Dynecourt, you know at such a time death often comes at once, so suddenly that there is no time for suffering.

MRS. D. Yes, they tried to comfort me with that. Yet we do not know.

MISS M. Could you find no trace of her?

MRS. D. None whatever. The wreck was indeed a fearful one.

MISS M. Does Miss Joyce know of this?

MRS. D. No, I have never told her. I wish to keep her heart light and happy. Sorrow will come to her soon enough without sharing mine.

MISS M. (*rises*). Yes; but Miss Joyce can perhaps help you. To think of sorrows makes them all the heavier. To speak of them often lightens them. She is eighteen now, old enough to help you in every way. (*Places hand on MRS. D.'s shoulder.*) When the desire to speak of the past comes to you, let her be your confidante, and together the clouds will grow brighter, I know.

MRS. D. (*rising*). Miss Morong, you are right. I do need her help, for it is her youth and happy life alone that make me feel that life is worth living. (*GIRLS laugh outside.*) But come, no more of this. Let us join the girls again and forget, for a while at least, that sorrow is in my heart. (*Exeunt MRS. D. and MISS M., R.; enter MIRIAM, C.; stands in door.*)

MIRIAM (*music*). Here is the home my little one has found at last. Something has drawn me here. (*Comes down.*) I feel that I am needed. My dreams are of Jill, and last night, in my sleep, I saw her standing at the open door calling, with outstretched arms (*holds out arms*), "Miriam, Miriam, come to me." That day in the studio, when I gave to Mrs. Dynecourt the papers, I forgot to give her this ring. (*Takes ring from corner of handkerchief.*) I must give it to her before I can see Jill. Some one is coming. Let me go from here. (*Exit L.*)

(*Enter GIRLS, laughing.*)

PHYLLIS. Jill, if you make as rapid progress in dancing as you do in your studies, you will outshine us all.

MOLLIE. Even Suzanne must look out for her laurels.

JILL. No genius of that kind in me, I know. Suzanne deserves all the glory.

SUZANNE (*arm about JILL*). Thanks, Jill; and when the loud applause of an enthusiastic audience shall cause the blood to burn within my veins, and genius thrills me to my very toes, then, my dear, upon you I will bestow my warmest smile — *you* shall hold the flowers. (*GIRLS laugh.*)

JOYCE. My fancy pictures you already, Sue. I am proud to know you even now.

BARBARA. Oh, girls, do give me some points about pouring tea. I know I shall make a goose of myself.

JOYCE. We might give her some lessons, Phyl.

PHYLLIS. That would be great sport. Get your table ready, Bab, and I will do my best to take the nerves out of you.

(*BARBARA brings tea-table forward and seats herself at one side.*)

PHYLLIS. Come, Jack, you do the presenting first, then we will take turns.

MOLLIE. Who is to be your first victim?

PHYLLIS. For your especial benefit my pretensions shall assume the massive form of cousin Tom.

JOYCE. Then let me try my hand at acting first; he is the only one I know.

PHYLLIS. All right, come on.

(Exeunt JOYCE and PHYLLIS, C.)

MOLLIE. Now, Barbara, smile your sweetest.

(Enter JOYCE, arm in arm with PHYLLIS.)

PHYLLIS. Miss Creighton, may I present my friend, Mr. Reynolds?

JOYCE *(bows profusely)*. Delighted to make your acquaintance, Miss Creighton. Awfully jolly time this, — ha, ha, — not quite up to rowing, though.

BARBARA. You are fond of rowing?

JOYCE. No end of sport, — ha, ha, — jolly place Harvard.

BARBARA. You must work very hard.

JOYCE. Hard is no name for it. In training all the time.

BARBARA. Oh, no, I mean your studies.

JOYCE. Ha, ha! studies; oh, we throw in one or two occasionally, just to break the monotony, — ha, ha!

BARBARA *(shyly)*. Shall I pour you a cup of tea, Mr. Reynolds?

JOYCE. Thanks awfully.

BARBARA *(pours tea; looking up)*. Do you take sugar?

JOYCE *(making eyes)*. Poured by so fair a hand there will be sufficient sweetness.

MOLLIE *(groans)*. Take him away, Phyl. He is massive and no mistake.

JOYCE *(looking at MOLLIE)*. Awfully jolly girl that.

PHYLLIS. Yes, let me present you. *(Presents JOYCE to GIRLS; JOYCE bows profusely.)*

JOYCE. I say, Phyl, a mighty fine set of girls. Awfully obliged to you for bringing me. *(Bows; JOYCE and PHYLLIS exeunt C.; GIRLS applaud.)*

MOLLIE. Next.

PHYLLIS *(appears at door C.)*. You will next behold my cousin Fred. *(Enters with JOYCE; PHYLLIS wears glass in one eye and affects the dude.)*

JOYCE. Miss Creighton, may I present my friend, Mr. Matthews?

PHYLLIS. Charmed, I'm sure. *(Looks at girls with glass.)* Deuced pretty set of girls, by Jove. I quite enjoy the teas. Quite the proper thing, doncher know.

BARBARA. So social, don't you think so?

PHYLLIS. Yes, yes. It helps to pass away the time, but too many are perfect bores.

MOLLIE. We have a good example of a *bore* before us.

BARBARA. Will you take Russian tea?

PHYLLIS. Russian tea, oh, yes, don't care if I do. (*Takes cup and pretends to drink.*) Ha, ha! that reminds me — pretty good joke I got off at the club, — ha, ha — always telling funny stories, doncher know, only there is one thing wrong about my stories, always forget the point, — ha, ha! (*Pretends to twirl mustache.*)

MOLLIE. He is a flat from Flatville.

JOYCE. Let me present you to the others.

PHYLLIS. Thanks, I'm sure.

JOYCE. Miss Howard, my friend Mr. Matthews. (MOLLIE bows coldly.)

PHYLLIS (*adjusts eyeglass*). Something frigid about this air, doncher know.

(*Exeunt JOYCE and PHYLLIS ; GIRLS applaud.*)

JUDITH. That is not elocution, Suzanne, but it is good acting.

SUZANNE. Yes, I've no fault to find with that.

PHYLLIS (*at door*). Positively farewell appearance of the great comedian. (*Enter with JOYCE, and assumes rôle of bashful cousin.*)

JOYCE. Miss Creighton, Mr. Harding.

PHYLLIS (*bows awkwardly, starts to offer hand, then withdraws it*). How de do?

JOYCE. My friend, Miss Creighton, is very fond of tea.

BARBARA (*sweetly*). Are you?

PHYLLIS. No, no, — I — I mean, yes —

BARBARA (*laughing*). Will you take it hot, or cold?

PHYLLIS. C — cold — I guess.

BARBARA. Then I will give you Russian tea.

PHYLLIS. N — never mind, d — don't trouble, plain every-day English tea is g — good enough for me.

MOLLIE. I should think milk and water diet quite sufficient.

JOYCE (*laughing*). Mollie, you take away the inspiration.

PHYLLIS (*naturally*). Well, it is about time ; but, pray, do not imagine that all my cousins are like those represented. I have only shown you a few out of the many.

JOYCE. Now, girls, go into the music-room and dance. Bab, this dress rehearsal ought to give you courage to face the dreaded ordeal.

BARBARA (*moving table to first position*). Oh, yes, I know it all now.

JOYCE. I will remain here. I wish to speak with mamma.

PHYLLIS. All right. Come on, girls. (*Exeunt R., laughing and talking.*)

JOYCE. Now to find mamma. (*Goes to door c.*) Speaking of angels — here she comes. (*Enter MRS. D.*) Mamma, dear, come and sit by the fire ; I wish to confess something.

MRS. D. Another confession! This seems to be a red-letter day.

JOYCE. I wish it might prove to be one.

MRS. D. Why?

JOYCE. Oh, only for the sake of excitement. (*Kneels beside chair.*) But let me tell you. Do you remember the note you sent by Nora to Crandon Hall?

MRS. D. Yes; it was for you.

JOYCE. From Cousin Geoffrey, asking me to look at your portrait, and inviting me to bring all the girls. He was to be away, and we could have a jolly time. There was no one to act as Mistress Dignity but Johnny.

MRS. D. Johnny? Who is he?

JOYCE (*laughing*). Oh, that is our nickname for Mlle. Jeanne. Not wishing for her society, we were in despair, when a brilliant thought entered my brain. I would go as chaperon, and, mamma dear, what do you think I did?

MRS. D. I surely cannot imagine.

JOYCE. Dressed myself in your gown (*rises*), affected the lorgnette à la Mrs. Dynecourt (*imitates*), and sailed into that studio with my flock, as stately as a ship that, with sails unfurled, ploughs the waters in a stiff breeze.

MRS. D. Joyce Dynecourt, you take my breath away.

JOYCE. And mine left me before the end of that lark, for no end of exciting things happened. I found something, too, which belongs to you. (*Holds up envelope.*) But before I give them to you, promise me one thing.

MRS. D. Certainly; what is it?

JOYCE. That you will not open or read them until we find Miriam.

MRS. D. Miriam? How can papers belonging to me concern her?

JOYCE (*arm about MRS. D.*). Now, don't ask questions. You have given your promise, remember.

MRS. D. I shall not break it. (*Looks at envelope.*) But I must admit I am very curious.

JOYCE. You know that good old saying about patience.

(*Enter NORA, C.*)

NORA. Ef yees plaze, Mrs. Dynecourt, an old woman wishes to spake to yees.

MRS. D. Send her here.

NORA. Yes, ma'am. (*Exit.*)

JOYCE (*aside*). Oh, if it could be Miriam! (*MIRIAM enters C.; music.*) Miriam at last. (*Goes to her.*)

MRS. D. Indeed, we are glad to see you. Do sit down and rest.

MIRIAM. No, I cannot. I came to give you something else.

MRS. D. Something else?

MIRIAM. Yes. When I gave you the papers in the studio —

MRS. D. Gave me papers? the studio? I do not understand.

MIRIAM. Not understand? Why, the day I gave you the papers concerning Jill — my Jill — *your* Jill.

MRS. D. You gave me none.

MIRIAM. With my own hands I placed in yours the papers; then I gave my Jill to you.

MRS. D. Joyce, she cannot be right in her mind.

MIRIAM. Not right in my mind? Indeed I am. Mrs. Dynecourt, what have you done with my child? I gave her into your arms.

JOYCE. Let me speak. Mother, there is a mystery here which I alone can explain. Miriam, that day in the studio, you gave those papers to me.

MIRIAM. To you?

JOYCE. Yes; I was pretending to be mamma. When I heard you call Mrs. Dynecourt, I feigned sleep, not then knowing who it was. I was there with the girls as chaperon.

MIRIAM. Then — your mother? She does not know?

JOYCE. Not yet; but we can now tell her.

MRS. D. What is this mystery? these papers? this talk of Jill?

JOYCE. Mother, listen, and I will tell you.

MIRIAM. No; let her read the papers. They will speak for themselves.

MRS. D. Joyce, these papers? Can it mean more trouble?

JOYCE (*arm about* MRS. D.). No more trouble, but much happiness. Read.

MRS. D. (*reads, then looks wildly at* MIRIAM). Miriam, is this the truth?

MIRIAM. As true as the stars in heaven. The bird that sang for me alone is now yours; and sometimes, when the midnight hour finds me waking, I think I hear her call —

JILL (*outside*). Miriam, Miriam!

MIRIAM. That call again.

(*Enter* JILL.)

JILL. Miriam, where are you?

MIRIAM (*holds out arms; JILL runs into them*). Here, my lamb. (*Kisses her, then leads her to* MRS. D., *who takes her in her arms*.) She is yours.

MRS. D. (*kissing her*). My own fair Margaret!

JILL. Margaret? Is that my name?

MRS. D. Joyce, how long have you known of this?

JOYCE. Ever since that day at the studio — a month ago.

MRS. D. A month ago! Why did you not tell me?

JILL. Because, mother dear, Miriam had left me. I must find her first, and, if she needed me, give to her a helping hand. She belongs to the old life, and I would not leave it until, with a clear conscience, I should enter the doors of a new life into your arms. Now I have found her, she must not leave us.

MRS. D. Never again, Miriam. I owe much to you. My child you have given your first thought and care. Let me try to repay you, and make your home with us.

MIRIAM. Do you remember the accusations at the school?

JOYCE. They are all cleared away, and the French teacher, your accuser, is here to give you the proofs. It was only a scheme to make trouble for me.

MIRIAM. Trouble for you!

JOYCE. Yes; but all is forgiven. (*Enter MLLE. and MISS M., c*) Here she is now. Mlle. Jeanne, the Gypsy is found, and you can give back to her her good name.

MLLE. I go to do so at once. (*To MIRIAM.*) I am sorry I give to you ze cloud. I ask your pardon.

MIRIAM. I grant it; and thankful to those who trusted me.

MISS M. Miriam, I also have something to say.

MIRIAM. No, never mind; all is forgotten.

(*Enter GIRLS.*)

JOYCE. Girls, no more secrets; we can breathe again.

PHYLLIS (*gives hand to MRS. D.*). My dear Mrs. Dynecourt, we are all so happy for you.

MRS. D. Thank you, my dears. I am indeed proud of my two daughters. Miss Morong, the little one I mourned as dead has been living all these years, safely cared for by this trusty friend.

MISS M. Indeed! I am so glad for you—happy that there need be no more sorrow in your heart.

MRS. D. Miriam, you have not yet promised to make your home with us.

JILL (*goes to MIRIAM*). Be careful of your answer. My happiness is at stake.

JOYCE. Yes; you have two daughters now, Jack and Jill.

MIRIAM. What shall I say? You who know the Gypsy's wandering life can understand the love of freedom, to go and come, and linger, when we will.

JILL. Yes, Miriam; but remember you will not always be strong as you are now. And I shall not be happy, even with so dear a mother, without you.

(*Enter NORA.*)

NORA. Ef yees plaze, Mrs. Dynecourt, the company be afther a-coming; a carriage is at the door.

MRS. D. Nora, I have found a daughter.

JILL. Yes, another daughter of the house.

NORA. Shure, it's mighty glad I am. Miss Jill, if yees are half as sweet as Miss Joyce, it's a happy family we'll find ourselves.

MRS. D. Miriam, your answer.

MIRIAM. Let it be this. While the love and desire for woods and hills are upon me, let me go; but when I long for Jill, back I will come to this my home. Mrs. Dynecourt, my prophecy was

a true one. Youth will be about you (*raises hand*), and may the blessings of this life be many to you and yours !

PHYLLIS. Jack, your mission as chaperon was a most successful one.

JOYCE (*with arm about JILL*). So successful, that it brought a new love, my sister Jill ; I shall give to her my every thought and care ; but when Miriam has tired of hill and dale, and longs for home, then together, as Jack and Jill, with pride and gratitude in our hearts, we shall turn to her, our Chaperon.

(*Tableau. MRS. D., JILL, JOYCE, and MIRIAM, C. ; MISS M. in chair by mantel ; Mlle. JEANNE leans on back of it ; NORA at door, C. ; GIRLS grouped about stage.*)

CURTAIN.

By the Author of "Placer Gold."

BOUND BY AN OATH.

A DRAMA IN PROLOGUE AND FOUR ACTS.

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"PLACER GOLD," "THE GRANGER," ETC.

Six male and four female characters. Scenery, not simple, but easily simplified; costumes, modern. This is a strong and stirring melodrama of modern life and times. The comedy element is furnished by a negro and a quaint old woman's part. Elias, the "oath-bound," is a strong part; Seth is a good light comedy villain, and Jacob a strong "heavy" part.

Price, 25 cents.

SYNOPSIS:

PROLOGUE. The storm. Robbery and murder. Bound by an oath: "As God is my witness, I will keep this secret until my dying day." Tableau.

Lapse of five years between Prologue and First Act.

ACT I. SCENE 1. Johnson's house. Surrounded by wealth. Sambo in trouble. Return of Seth Randolph. A murder prevented by a mirror. Drucilla's courage. "Rats." Seth runs the establishment. SCENE 2. Interview between Sambo and Lucy. "Hev you got the valerian cremens, or are you clean gone crazy?" SCENE 3. The blind miller and his family. Jacob Johnson again. His demand for the hand of Mabel. The refusal. Jacob's threat. Edward and Mabel. Elias the oath-bound. Face to face. "For God's sake, who are you?" "Elias Amsden, the lad ye bound by an oath."

ACT II. SCENE 1. Interior of mill. Elias and Edward. The hidden money. Elias and his secret. "O, money! money! you are the bane of my life; but I worship you as a god. SCENE 2. Sambo and Lucy again. "Lor a mighty! who crushed de tea set? Who broke down de box? Who de—" A ludicrous scene. SCENE 3. Jacob and Drucilla. The wolf and the lamb. Mabel pleads for her parents. Jacob's demand. Seth interferes. Edward and Elias pay Raymond's notes. Jacob's discovery. "Every dollar of that money is a base counterfeit." Deeper in the toils than ever. Seth Randolph's remorse. Elias driven to despair. "O, I be doomed—doomed."

ACT III. SCENE 1. Two rogues well met. Plan to secure Mabel. Seth refuses to act. Face to face with Elias. His curse. Jacob's villainy. A diabolical plot. SCENE 2. Turned into the streets. Phillip's trust in the Lord. "He will guide us through the wilderness like as he did the Israelites of old, if we are not afeered to trust him." Discovery by Lucy. A friend in need. "Now you just follow me and I'll take you home in half a jiffy." SCENE 3. Mabel and the letter. The hound still upon the track. Mother and daughter. "Then, though I crush my heart in doing it, I will marry Jacob Johnson." SCENE 4. Jacob starts to burn the mill. SCENE 5. Interior of mill. Edward in hiding. Elias contemplates suicide in order to reveal the oath. Seth and Jacob. The check. The drugged wine. Seth outwitted. "O, I am lost! lost!" Jacob fires the mill. Storm, flames and smoke. Seth recovers. Locked in. To the rescue of Elias. Edward beneath the trap. A double rescue. Seth Randolph saved, but dying. "Let—let me speak! Ja—Jacob—O, God!—he—Jacob—he done this—he—"

ACT IV. SCENE 1. Mabel and Lucy. Phillip's anxiety. Off to the rescue. "Lead the way, Betty, and I'll follow you with the strength of a giant." SCENE 2. Confession and death of Seth Randolph. "Place me where the birds can sing over me, and where streaks of sunshine can reach my grave." SCENE 3. Drucilla and Jacob. The dove in the eagle's claw. Elias to the rescue. Phillip, Mrs. Raymond and Lucy. Elias attempts suicide. Timely arrival of Edward. "Kill the fatted calf, the prodigal has returned." Jacob in the toils. Return of the money. A happy termination.

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A Play for the Little Ones in Four Scenes.

By H. CUNNINGHAM.

This simple but interesting little play is dramatized from the tale of "Gammer Gretchel," and exemplifies a new plan of construction which, if approved by purchasers, will be continued in a series of additional plays on similar subjects. The characteristic features of Miss Cunningham's play are simplicity, both of idea and expression, inexpensiveness in the getting up, and the choice of a subject already familiar to the childish mind and so readily comprehended in dramatic form. Her story, besides, is entirely told in action, the simple dialogue almost superfluously accompanying the dramatic movement of the narrative. Thus, since something is always being *done* as well as said, the juvenile attention is firmly held to the end, and his interest perpetually excited.

It has parts for ten boys and four girls, and calls for no singing. The scenery is unimportant and may be easily improvised as may also be the costumes.

Price, 15 cents.

A BLACK DIAMOND.

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.

By M. R. ORNE.

Three male and five female characters. Scene, an easy interior; costumes, modern. The leading character is a colored soubrette of the general flavor of Topsy in "Uncle Tom"—a great part for a lively comedy actress. Other characters good. A lively little play.

Price, - - - - - 15 cents.

THE HIT OF THE SEASON.

OUT OF THE SHADOW.

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

By A. VATTER and J. E. SPENCER.

Price, - - - - 25 cents.

Six male and three female characters. Time, the present. Scene, a New England factory village. First played at the Vereins-Halle of the Boylston Schulverein, Boston, May 27, 1889, under the title of

“A NOBLE SACRIFICE.”

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. MORNING.—Isabel's birthday. A husband's love and a husband's secret. “Can such joy endure?” The shadow of the past clouds the light of the present. Army and Navy. A lesson in love. “A flank movement and a ‘naval engagement.’” The army routed. Waldemar's confession. “*The man you would call father is an outcast.*” The edge of the shadow. “I will stand by her side and defy the world.” Questioning the fates. The foreign workman. The courage of innocence. “Here was my name; he will remember it.” THE SHADOW FALLS.

ACT II. AFTERNOON.—Taking counsel. “Do your best, the happiness of us all depends upon you.” Proposing under difficulties. Edith's dream. Father and daughter. “It is true, he is faithful.” The shadow comes again. The Rat King. Isabel's scorn. “*Of whom are you speaking? Your husband!*” A little light in the darkness. “It is too late — too late.” Isabel learns the truth. A convict's wife. “My idol has turned to clay.” Isabel's flight. The Captain takes a tumble. Waldemar's return. The deserted home. “*Alone! Alone!*” THE BLACKNESS OF THE SHADOW.

ACT III. EVENING — “The cigarette of peace.” A looker-on at love. “Great Jupiter! I can't stand it!” The terror of uncertainty. “He will surely come; but when?” The meeting of old enemies. BROUGHT TO BAY. Accusation and recrimination. “Cease your mockery, and tell me what you want.” The price of silence. “Will money bring back the dead?” A living tomb. The talisman of love. “Your child lives — but not for you.” A father's grief. “Do not ruin her happiness as you have mine.” THE SACRIFICE. “*My little one is dead—to me!*” The shadow lifts. “He is gone, never to return.” Husband and wife. A confession. “Why have you not trusted me?” A bond of love. OUT OF THE SHADOW.

FORTY MINUTES WITH A CRANK.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

By GEORGE M. BAKER.

Price, - - - - 15 cents.

Eight male, three female characters, including a German, Irishman and Darkey. Originally published under a title of “The Seldarte Craze.” and containing an admirable satire of certain elocutionary methods.



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A NEW IRISH

INNISFAIL

OR THE WANDERER'S DREAM.

A DRAMA OF IRISH LIFE IN FOUR ACTS.

By RICHARD QUINN.

Seven male and three female characters. Scenery not difficult; costumes of the period. This piece is interesting in story and depicts Irish patriotism, sentiment and humor, with truth and vigor. The character of Felix is an admirable one, the player assuming many disguises in course of the action. Effie (lead) and Mary Anne (soubrette) are both good parts; Benner (heavy) and Con o' the Bogs (heavy comedy) very effective.

Price, - - - - 15 cents.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT. I. Scene 1. — *Ross Castle, Killarney, by twilight.* "For we'll strike another blow." The wanderers meet. Gerald's oath. Plans for the future. "Innisfail!" Felix feels grateful to an absent brother. "A real raw sprig of the Royal Irish Constabulary." A lucky find and a fruitless search. TREACHERY.

Scene 2. — *A drawing-room in Castle Headford.* A man of gloomy thoughts. "The mound of green." Her father's choice. Effie's misery. "A parting word." The loose shoe. Brandon's sentiments. "Not a hitch in the proceedings." The stolen photograph. A crestfallen foe. "The right! What right!" BAFFLED.

ACT II. Scene 1. — *Exterior of Malone's Cottage.* The old pedagogue in his element. Bog Latin. A stroke of diplomacy. "Who else would I be?"

Scene 2. — *Interior of a mountain hut.* A sad picture. "Greenlea." A strange meeting. An unexpected arrival. "I never heard tell of him, ma'am." A timely visit. "LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM."

ACT III. Scene. — *The Emerald Scoop* — A cave in the Eagle's Nest Mountain. "Now, Con!" A bargain. Felix waiting for Gerald. "The rock! the rock!" The ghost of Mat Dwyer. A tale of many crimes. The signal. "And is the sleep of death so like its image?" "Con! Con! Curse the cowardly rogue, he's gone." THE WANDERER'S DREAM.

ACT. IV. Scene. — *A room in Arbutus Lodge.* A guilty conscience. Felix plays a strange part, but it strikes home with a vengeance. "In heaven or earth there is no hope, there is no hope for me." The magic word. Startling disclosures. Conflicting emotions. A reconciliation. Felix a thinking. "A Michaelmas daisy." The "Best Man" arrives. The music of Innisfail.

A FOOL FOR LUCK.

A FARCICAL COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.

By W. M. BROWNE.

Four male and three female characters. This laughable comedy of modern society turns upon the mania for stock speculation. The leading comedy character is a type of Englishman not unrelated to Lord Dunsyre, the other personages and the scene being American. The dialogue is very bright, the scenery and costumes very easy.

Price, 25 cents.

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 25 cents.
 P, THE. Comedietta in one
 4 males, 3 females.
 HEAD ON THE WATERS. Drama in
 two acts. 5 males, 3 females.
 CAPULETTA. Burlesque in two parts. 3
 males, 1 female.
 CHAMPION OF HER SEX, THE. Farce
 in one act. 8 females.
 CHRISTMAS CAROL, A. Christmas en-
 tertainment from Dickens. Many char.
 CLOSE SHAVE, A. Farce in one act. 6
 males.
 COALS OF FIRE. Farce in one act. 6
 males.
 COMRADES. Drama in three acts. 4 males,
 3 females. 25 cents.
 DOWN BY THE SEA. Drama in two
 acts. 6 males, 3 females.
 DROP TOO MUCH, A. Farce in one act.
 4 males, 2 females.
 DUCHESS OF DUBLIN, THE. Farce in
 one act. 6 males, 4 females.
 ENLISTED FOR THE WAR. Drama in
 three acts. 7 males, 3 females.
 FAIRY OF THE FOUNTAIN, THE.
 Play for children in two acts. 10 char. 25c.
 FLOWER OF THE FAMILY, THE.
 Comedy-drama in three acts. 5 males, 3 fem.
 FLOWING BOWL, THE. Drama in three
 acts. 7 males, 3 females. 25 cents.
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 one act. 8 males.
 GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY. Farce
 in one act. 12 males.
 GREAT ELIXIR, THE. Farce in one act.
 9 males.
 GREATEST PLAGUE IN LIFE, THE.
 Farce in one act. 8 females.
 GRECIAN BEND, THE. Farce in one
 act. 7 females.
 HUMORS OF THE STRIKE, THE.
 Farce in one act. 8 males.
 HYPOCHONDRIAC, THE. Farce in one
 act. 5 males.
 LAST LAFF, THE. Drama in two acts
 5 males, 3 females.
 LIGHTHEART'S PILGRIMAGE. Alle-
 gory for schools. 8 females and chorus.
 LITTLE BROWN JUG, THE. Drama in
 three acts. 5 males, 3 females.
 LITTLE MORE CIDER, A. Farce in one
 act. 5 males, 3 females.
 LOVE OF A BONNET, A. Farce in one
 act. 5 females.
 MAN WITH THE DEMIJOHN, THE.
 Farce in one act. 4 males.
 MY BROTHER'S KEEPER. Drama in
 three acts. 5 males, 3 females.
 MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE, A.
 Farce in one act. 4 males.
 MY UNCLE THE CAPTAIN. Farce in
 one act. 6 males.
 NEVER SAY DIE. Farce in one act. 3
 males, 3 females.
 NEVADA. Drama in three acts. 8 males, 3
 females. 25 cents.

COOK, females.
 ONCE ON A TIME. Drama in two
 4 males, 2 females.
 ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. Drama
 in two acts. 8 males, 3 females.
 ORIGINAL IDEA, AN. Dialogue for a
 lady and gentleman.
 OUR FOLKS. Drama in three acts. 6 males,
 5 females.
 PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE. Farce
 in one act. 7 males, 3 females.
 PAST REDEMPTION. Drama in four
 acts. 9 males, 4 females. 25 cents.
 PEDLAR OF VERYNICE, THE. Bur-
 lesque. 7 males.
 PRECIOUS PICKLE, A. Farce in one
 act. 6 females.
 PUBLIC BENEFACTOR, A. Farce in
 one act. 6 males.
 REBECCA'S TRIUMPH. Drama in three
 acts. 16 females. 25 cents.
 RED CHIGNON, THE. Farce in one act.
 6 females.
 REVOLT OF THE BEES, THE. Mu-
 sical allegory. 9 females.
 RUNAWAYS, THE. Farce in one act. 4
 males.
 SANTA CLAUS' FROLICS. Christmas-
 tree entertainment. Many char.
 SCULPTOR'S TRIUMPH, THE. Alle-
 gory. 1 male, 4 females.
 SEA OF TROUBLES, A. Farce in one
 act. 8 males.
 SEEING THE ELEPHANT. Temper-
 ance farce. 5 males, 2 females.
 SEVEN AGES, THE. Tableau entertain-
 ment. 7 males, 4 females.
 SHALL OUR MOTHERS VOTE? Hu-
 morous debate for 11 boys.
 SNOW BOUND. Musical and dramatic en-
 tertainment. 3 males, 1 female. 25 cents.
 STAND BY THE FLAG. Drama in one
 act. 5 males.
 SILVIA'S SOLDIER. Drama in two acts.
 3 males, 2 females.
 TEMPTER, THE. Drama in one act. 3
 males, 1 female.
 TENDER ATTACHMENT, A. Farce in
 one act. 7 males.
 THIEF OF TIME, THE. Farce in one
 act. 6 males.
 THIRTY MINUTES FOR REFRESH-
 ments. Farce in one act. 4 males, 3 fem.
 THORN AMONG THE ROSES, A. Com-
 edy in one act. 2 males, 8 females.
 TITANIA. Play for children in two acts.
 Many char. 25 cents.
 TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN. Dialogue
 for 2 males, introducing songs and recitations.
 TOURNAMENT OF IDYLWENT, THE.
 Allegory for 13 females.
 VISIONS OF FREEDOM. Allegory for
 16 females.
 USING THE WEED. Farce in one act.
 7 females.
 WANTED, A MALE COOK. Farce in
 one act. 4 males.
 WAR OF THE ROSES. Allegory for 8
 females.
 WE'RE ALL TEETOTALERS. Farce in
 one scene. 4 males, 2 females.

WALTER H. BAKER, & CO. (P. O. Box 2846), Boston, Mass.

A PARLOR FARCE IN TWO ACTS.

By GRACE L. FURNISS,

[Reprinted from HARPERS' BAZAR, by kind permission of Messrs. Harper and Bros.]

Two male and three female characters. Scene, an easy interior, the same for both acts; costumes, modern. This clever little play of modern society, by the author of "A Veneered Savage," and other popular pieces, is strong in interest, brilliant in dialogue, sprightly and graceful in movement. Under the title of "American Fascination" it was given several performances last season by the Criterion Dramatic Club, of Boston, with eminent success. It can be successfully played in a parlor without scenery, and is in all respects an admirable successor to Miss Tiffany's popular

"RICE PUDDING."

Price, 15 cents.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.

AN ENTERTAINMENT IN TWO SCENES.

By M. R. ORNE.

For any number of characters, male or female, either or both, many or few, big or little. Scenery, simple; costumes, those of our grandfather's days; time in playing, about forty minutes. The sketch carries the spectator back to his school-boy days in the little red school-house, and is sure to be very popular.

Price, 15 cents.

SYNOPSIS:

SCENE I. Introductory. Going to school. Hookin' apples and hookin' Jack. Jokes and jollity.

SCENE II. The old "deestrick skule" house. The scholars assemble. Calling the roll. Excuses. The new boys—"Julius Call and Billious Call." The stuttering boy. The infant class. "This is a warm doughnut; tread on it." The arithmetic class. "Why does an elephant have a trunk?" A history lesson. One reason why George Washington's birthday is celebrated. A visitor. Somebody's "ma." A very delicate child. Some fun about pickles. A visit from the school committee. A school examination in "history, filosepy, quotations, flirtations, an' kerdrilles." Head to foot. A very bad spell. Blackboard exercises. A motion song. A crush hat. More fun. A boy's composition on "boys."

Walter H. Baker & Co., 23 Winter St., Boston.